

HOLIDAY TRIPS,

IN EXTEMPORE DOGGEREL.

by
Sir William Symonds

DEDICATED TO MRS. FREDERICK WEST,

(THE AUTHOR'S NIECE.)

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PREFACE.

To promise a long bill of fare,
Were pretension, and too premature,
As my gleanings extempore are,
Your indulgence I wish to secure.

I'll try to describe what I see,
In jingling rhymes as I go,
And, as all impromptu must be,
They will prove very stupid, I know.

Dear niece, do not think it a sin,
Tho' I own it does strangely appear,
That I finish before I begin,
A paradox truly, my dear.

As anomalies seem quite the rage,
And if Preface is meant for beginning,
If presension is meant to presage
In Finis and Preface, I'm sinning.

Though fain I'd consistent appear,
To end and begin as all men do;
My Preface may n't be very clear,
And my finis might prove never end o'.

PRELUDE TO DEPARTURE.

'Twas in the rosy month of June, when London
people long for change,
When Cocknies wander far and wide, and o'er
each spot near London range ;
Four persons formed a project fair,
To go abroad and change the air :
Full many a plan is made, and changed,
Programmes and schemes full oft arranged,
Guides, travels, maps, and hand-books too,
Discoveries old, discoveries new,
France, Belgium, Holland, Rhine and Swiss,
I wished for that, Miledi this,
On Moskow, Petersburg debate,
With little Norney,* and with Kate,†

* Leonora Horner.

† Katherine Horner.

On German baths, and German smoking,
 On passports and delays provoking,
 Little dreaming, they or she,
 What objects they are born to see,
 The Moon, or the Celestial Empire,
 The North Pole, or the Thames on fire,
 To Lilliput, or to Laputa,
 To Brobdignag, or sound of Nootka,
 To Tartary, Japan, or Loochoo.
 To Babelmandel, or Belfusco,
 If to the Antipodes,
 The Red, Black, Dead, or Yellow Seas,
 The knotty points at length decided.
 All necessary means provided,
 A boat prepared complete the plans,
 Miledi, the Samaritan's,*
 With little David† close behind,
 The water gate we quickly find.

* Called so from unremitting kindness when the writer was for many months confined to his bed.

† Servant.

EMBARKATION.

Now the party embarked, we drop down the stream,
 Now arrived safe on board in an hour,
 And being all tired, soon sleep, and soon dream,
 All lost in repose, of remembrance no gleam,
 In the John Bull,* a ship of some power.

THE JOHN BULL.

J. C. Corbin, our captain, and a little she steward,
 Give us state-rooms, both clean, and quite spacious,
 The vessels around are secure, and safe moored,
 The baggage all stowed, all our trunks well secured,
 The passengers getting vivacious ;
 Some drink soda pop, while some play at drafts,
 Some snooze, and some chat with their ladies,
 Some are daughters, some sisters and some better halves
 Here one doffs a bonnet, and others their scarfs.
 By David my cabin snug made is.—

* Hamburgh Steam Boat.

The stokers now labor to get up the steam,
 What volumes of smoke from the funnel.
 Now with warps on the bow, and warps on the
 beam,
 Sailors cry, Yo heave O!—and to my mind they
 seem,
 All alive from the keel to the gunwhale.

THE VOYAGE.

Now to London and friends a long, long, adieu
 Cross the North Sea o'er bank and o'er sand,
 The low coast of Holland, will soon come to view,
 But if low, or if lofty, to us it is new,
 Who to water, so much prefer land;
 The morn now arrived, the wind fresh at east,
 The ladies are brisk and have rested,
 But the wind blowing east, suits man nor suits
 beast.
 To breakfast all try, though the wind is increased;
 Our powers too soon will be tested.

Now noon is arrived, but cruel is fate,

The wind in our teeth still remains.

The ship is propelled at too mod'rate a rate,

Miledi deserts to her couch, after Kate,

While the deck little Norney retains.—

In the cabin five Germans discuss with grimace,

And with warmth, on the merits of musick,

Of Grisi, Lablache, of treble and bass,

Tambourini, Rubini, and all of that race,

Paris, Naples, Vienna, and Munich.

The dinner despatched, the ladies all fast,

Lamb, chicken, and giblet pie, mutton and beef,

Ten persons are numbered who join the repast,

At which the poor steward looks rather aghast,

Like the party his fees will be brief.

Now against the cold wind, with the motion not soft,

Sea sickness makes all but me dull;

Miledi and Kate are complaining full oft,

While Norney's the cherub that sits up aloft,

To look out, for the weal of John Bull.

The smell of oil, the dismal smoke, the engine's
noisy din.

The motion and vibration send poor Norney to
turn in,

The jarring sounds, the dismal creeks, the horrid
odours, too,

All, all combine, and smoker's join, the sick'ning
work to do;

The cold above, the heat below, the fumes which
thence arose,

Assail the great Protector's* brain, who soon
begins to doze

Till midnight comes, and then awake, he staggers
to his bed,

Wherein, with body bent, he finds no room for
feet or head.

The night, alas! seems long and dark, for litle rest
is found,

And ev'ry passing hour we hear, the shrill bells
tinkling sound;

* My designation by the ladies.

The Sabbath morn is ushered in, with straining
and with groans,

Sad listlessness, sad retching pains, and all have
aching bones.

Ether, ginger, arrowroot, in turns are used in vain,
Lemon, orange, strawberries are tried with might
and main,

But Barclay's stout, biscuit and cheese, infallible
are found,

To stay the stomach, and produce repose both
long and sound.

Heligoland now we see, the light under our lee,
At midnight we've sea, and fresh wind,
The Elbe then we enter, by night at a venture,
And Cuxhaven safely soon find.

Now, now we regret, the sail never set,
All think we're too late for the tide.
Now, now they contrive, the pilots arrive,
O'er the shallows the John Bull to guide,

When the bar very nigh, force, force her, they cry,
 She touches, yet moves through the mud,
 Ev'ry soul, high and low, are sent to the prow,
 Gents, ladies all to the bow scud.

HAMBURGH.

She clears the bar, we reach the town, and then
 we go on shore ;
 In Streit's Hotel, we fare quite well, and then go
 to explore
 The ramparts fine through Altona, we go to Mr.
 Booth,
 At Wandsbeck, where are trees and plants in gar-
 dens* made to soothe ;
 The public walks are gaily filled, the Landwehr
 under arms,
 The Doorman's hospitable roof, and many other
 charms.
 The money changed, a carriage hired, to Morpheus
 we fly,
 And at nine on Tuesday morn, for Berlin city hie.

* Botanical Gardens.

JOURNEY.

Some roads are rough, and many smooth, o'er
sandy plains we're steering

Pass barriers of Hamburgh, Dane, and late we go
through Schwerin ;

The only spot to cheer the eye, or give variety,
Or change a scene, so fraught with stupid dull
monotony.

Charlottenburg gives better hopes, the poplars
give us shade,

The whole approach to Berlin too, is comfortably
made.

BERLIN.

The Park, the gate of Brandenburg, the Linden
and the Schloss,

Are striking, but for domicile we're rather at a
loss;

The guard house, the museum, th' Italian opera,
The library, the theatre, apart not very far.

The churches, university, th' Academy of Arts,
The arsenal completes the group, quite perfect in
all parts.

Here Frederick William's statue, equestrian and
good,

There Blucher brave, who Europe saved an ocean
of blood,

And, hero-like, recovered, and to its place restored,
Upon the gate of Brandenburg, retrieved from
Boney's sword,

The car in bronze of victory, made by a tinker's hand,
Long kept in France a trophy, and did in Paris
stand.

The Cabinet of Art high in the palace stands,
Replete with objects curious, some worked by
savage hands,

Memento's of distinguished men, relics choice and
rare,

With casts of Moreau, Fred'rick Great, and of
Louisa fair.

The hat of Bonaparte, his orders, trophies won,
By the Allies and Blucher, before his race was
run.

Great Shakespeare's name is treasured here, his
merits are preserved,

Luther, Humboldt, Captain Cook wear laurels
well deserved.

The paintings much engross our time, the Dutch
school far the best,

But much of praise is justly due to many of the
rest.

Rubens, Raphael, Poussin too, Teniers, and Van-
dyke,

Correggio, Guido Reni, Murillo and Van Eyck,

Have many fine productions, masterpieces rare,

Surpassing far the Louvre, no better anywhere.

That Fred'rick must be great, we think, who such
a city plann'd

Upon a waste and desert plain, a wilderness of
sand.

JOURNEY.

Resolved to make the most of time, we journey
Thursday night,
And take a peep at Potsdam, before we lose the
light,
Where Prussia's king dispels dull care and leads
a rural life,
Retirement from toils of state, and military strife.
Here with true taste, and humble pride, a monarch
is amused,
A goût correct for management, and industry's
diffus'd,
Crowned heads, throughout the world have power
to make a smiling land,
Good government is like a tower of strength, so
thought Frederick le Grand.
While the ladies sleep sound, hordes of cattle
abound,
Horses, bullocks, and large flocks of geese,

The husbandman works—on the houses are storks,*
 Folds of sheep which have just lost their fleece.
 The ladies still doze, and are lost in repose,
 I also would fain take a nap,
 What snoring, what snoozing, what noises confusing,
 While reclining on Morpheus' lap.
 We now break our fast, with mod'rate repast,
 On coffee, eggs, butter and bread.
 Then our persons adjust, the *zettel's* † discuss'd,
 Not envying those still in bed.
 Now Saxony seen, what a change in the scene,
 For vineyards and hills meet our view,
 Undulating and grand, is the face of the land,
 And each moment fresh scenes come to view.
 Quiet shade having found, we dine on the ground,
 And allow our starved cattle to graze;

* It is very common in Germany to see storks and their nests on the house-tops of the peasant:

† The bill.

But had we been later, with our dinner champêtre,
 As danger oft springs from delay,
 We'd been well drenched or drowned, and perhaps
 never found,
 But washed by the torrent away.

THE STORM.

See the dark clouds quickly rising,
 A gath'ring storm approaches fast,
 With what rapidity surprising,
 The sky and prospect's overcast;—
 Thunder, light'ning now assail us,
 Rain in torrents o'er us falls,
 No exertion can avail us,
 Tempestuous gusts and dreadful squalls.
 "David shut the great umbrella*
 Cover ev'ry thing with care,
 Close the windows my good fellow,
 ↪ Cloaks, and wrappers we all share."

* The heat was excessive, and we had an immense umbrella, which was generally fastened and extended over the carriage ; and served to give us shelter when dining or sketching on the ground.

Peal on peal, the thunder roaring,
 Flashing light'ning threat'ning gleams,
Leaks through cracks, and crannies pouring,
 Gurgling rills, and purling streams.
The horses frighten'd quite transfixed are,
 The post boy shelter seeks in vain,
Fears with dreadful terror mixed are,
 And in his face despair and pain.
Miledi turns her fearful eyes up,
 Kitty tries to stop the leaks,
Norney offers prayers, and sighs up,
 No comfort the Protector speaks.
Another dreadful peal of thunder,
 Another flash of awful light,
A burst which fills all hearts with wonder,
 Involving all in gen'ral blight.
The trees are prostrate in our path laid,
 The boughs are strew'd upon the road,
What devastation on the land made,
 'Twere well the corn had ne'er been sow'd.

A tardy effort's to proceed made,
 In vain the half-drown'd cattle move,
 A large lime tree's across the road laid,
 Which long impassable, must prove ;—
 Hatchets, saws, and willing hands now,
 Chop, and hack the trunk, and branches,
 The road soon clear'd of branch, and bough,
 Our well-wash'd carriage onward launches.
 The spires of Dresden soon appearing,
 We forget the danger's past,
 Relying, hoping, nothing fearing,
 We drive, we sleep, we take repast.
 And now once more we're onward speeding,
 Intending to return again,
 Fast from Dresden we're receding,
 Passing o'er each hill and plain :—
 Pirna, then through Bergiesshubel,*
 The country charming all around,
 Those who travel here, will do well,
 To tarry on the charming ground.

* A retired bathing place, near the frontier of Saxony.

Now the Austrian frontier passing,
 The long, and straggling Peterswald,
 Hills we see, o'er hills surpassing,
 In that part Säch'sch'n Schwitzer call'd.
 At Töplitz now to try the waters
 We to find good lodgings try,
 Zum Fürsten Ligne* we find good quarters
 The Schloss of Clary very nigh.

TÖPLITZ.

The Post is an Inn, which we can't recommend
 'Tis so hot! 'tis so dear! 'tis so dirty!
 In the truth of the handbook, we cannot depend,
 For they change fifty kreutzers for thirty;
 On the morning of Sunday, the weather quite fine,
 We look at the garden of Clary,
 At the gast house within, we at table d'hôte dine
 And then take a drive from thence until nine,
 To the Schlossberg,† quite high, and quite airy.

* The name of our lodgings opposite Prince Clary's Palace.

† A Castle in ruins on a hill near Töplitz.

EXCURSION.

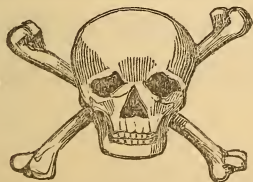
Three gentlefolks to Rose'berg* went
And many pleasant hours spent
'Midst braes, and burns, and valleys very rural,
Enjoying pleasures, not singular, but plural;
The banks inclined, so suddenly and slippery
That the ladies tore their gowns and all their
frillery,
From sliding down o'er surface smooth, and rough,
Some slid so far, they cry'd out loud enough.
The Graupen peasants express'd their loud surprise
By screams of laughter and by louder cries,
In fact loud echo, through the valley rose
And much alarm was caused we do suppose,
No wonder, for one lady roll'd right up the hill,
The gentleman roll'd down and lays there still.
This modest monument is above him plac'd
For pity 'tis, his name should be effaced.

* Rosenberg, the ruins of a Castle in a beautiful situation, near Graupen, about seven miles North West of Töplitz.

EPITAPH.

"Here lays a youth, once warm, but now a cold one
 Youth you may call him, but he is an old un,
 From too much rolling, we deplore his loss,
 We never knew a rolling stone gain moss.
 But born in Somerset,* in Somerset† he lives
 Which great incitement, him to tumbling gives,
 He broke his leg from kicking a Mosquito,
 But now is quite set up in legs and feet too,
 He came to Töplitz sooth to drink the water,
 But drinks strong wine, and tumbles down soon
 a'ter.

The ladies feigning from the ground to pluck him
 Put him under a Töplitz pump and duck him,
 When splashing, smoth'ring he in ecstasy
 Gave up the ghost without one groan or sigh."



* Somersetshire.

† Somerset House.

Strawberries, cherries on the hill they eat,
 Black bread and water deem a mighty treat,
 Each make their sketch upon a precipice,
 Each think their own performance not amiss,
 And then make somersets o'er the steep abyss.
 Their meal is now in colonnade provided,
 The chicken joints are quickly now divided,
 Ham, bread, and mèdeoc cheer the board,
 All that the scrip of David can afford:
 The bones are given to a mongrel dog,
 The scraps to Florian* who has earned his prog.

Thus day after day much amusement we find
 At Rosenberg, Osseg,† Dux,† and Wilhelms-
 hohe,†
 To dine in the woods too when we feel inclined
 Not regarding at all, either weather, or wind,
 If raining, blow high, or blow low.

* A guide.

† Places within a drive of Töplitz.

Thus bathing and walking, and taking long rides,
 To the oakwood, to Marienschein;*
 I forgot that we went to the Milleschauer† besides,
 But our time flies away with such rapid strides,
 That our hay we must make when there's sun-
 shine.

July is arrived, a drive or two more
 To Eichwald,‡ Salcegus's‡ valley,
 But alas! our small sketch§ books we have to
 deplore,
 However at Prague we'll refreshen our store,
 And then on new labours we'll rally.

JOURNEY.

Adieu now to Töplitz,|| Madame, and Ma'm'selle,¶
 To our excellent lodging and Vic,**
 We set off at five, but travel not well
 O'er bad roads slow moving o'er hill and down dell,
 So that Kitty was tired, and sick.

* An old monastery near Graupen.

† The highest of the Bohemian hills.

‡ Places within a drive of Töplitz.

§ Lost near Salcegus's valley.

|| Hostess.

¶ Useful friend.

** Victoria, a servant.

At a snails pace we pass o'er the white hill, and
enter

The barrier of Bohemia's pride.

Thro' avenues, zig zags, down hills at a venture,
In praise of its grandeur there's not a dissenter,
The Ilradschin we now have descry'd.



PRAGUE.

The bridge, and the spires, the minarets too,
The old fashion'd houses, and fountains,
We pass through the Altstadt, and also the new,
Receiving salutes both from Gentile and Jew,
We still see the Silesian mountains.
At Drei Linden* we sup, we sleep, and we rise,
Then go out to look at the wonders,
The gingerbread churches, of various size,
And some things about them excite our surprise,
Not least the bad taste and the blunders.

* The best hotel.

Cathedral and palaces, river and streets,
Prince Schwartzenberg's palace, museums;
The nun and the friar each moment one meets,
The priest, and the layman, the Jesuit greets,
Many masses are sung and Te Deums,
Loretto, its treasures, the libraries too,
Noslitz Palace, and splendid collection,
The bath of great Waldstein, his garden walk'd
through,
His horse, and more subjects each moment quite
new,
Of every kind and complexion.
The bridge we oft cross in many a drive,
We visit asylums and nuns,
In charity keeping some poor souls alive;
After which, at the church of Wysschrad we arrive,
In a fortress without any guns.
The guide Louis Bauer, keeps us here a full hour,
And gives us a legend divine,
About Peter and Paul, old Satan and all,
And then to the Gast house to dine.

LEGEND.

“ Old Nick and a Padre, a quarrel once had
On subjects religious, and holy,
But the priest being safely and righteously clad,
To get out of his clutches, the devil was glad,
And took his revenge very drolly ;
To Rome he flies on angel's wings,
Because the Pope's partic'lar,
A column over head he brings,
To let fall perpendic'lar.
But I too fast go with my tale,
For on the wing he met St. Peter,
Who took him by the horns, and tail,
And whipp'd, and kick'd the sable creetur ;
Although he performed, some rites aquatic,
To cheat St. Peter, and St. Paul,
Dipping the column in the Adriatic,
And kill the Padre, when he let it fall ;
Now hov'ring o'er the mansion holy,
The priest at prayers and sanctified,
With the long stone he fir'd a volley !
' Satan avaunt ! ' the priest loud cried.

A nat'ral skylight, through the roof,
 Is perforated, large and straight,
 But the huge column is not proof,
 And breaks in three from its own weight,
 We saw the pieces plac'd together,
 All those who've eyes may too perceive it,
 But I can't tell you truly whether,
 Who besides Louis, does believe it."

Oh! mighty Prague, great are thy wonders,
 And terrible thy pealing thunders,
 An iron-formed cathedral window,
 By sound was melted to a cinder;
 But we cannot repeat all we heard, all we saw,
 Huss's challenge, the manuscript of Tycho Brahe,
 The ladies were civil, the men all polite,
 The singing passàble, on opera night.
 Having sketch'd and seen all that Louis could
 show us,
 On Saturday once more in carriage we stow us.

JOURNEY.

Passing thro' Töplitz Ma'm'selle comes to meet us,
Cap'ring, jumping, Madame flies to greet us.

SAXON SWITZERLAND.

We then onward speed, and late find us at Tetschen,
Resolv'd on the morrow to see Herrinskretschén;
But disliking the Bielergrunde's valley to miss,
On Monday we go there, before Sachsen Schwitz.
On Monday we breakfast at the Prebisch Thor,
On Tuesday we drop down the Elbe to Schandau,
Ascending the Kuhstallhöhe, Winterberg small,
On Wednesday, by Brand, to Bastei and all.
The hills and the valleys, the rocks and the trees,
The beautiful glens, and the torrents, one sees,
The cascades, the fountains, the plains and the
glades,
The verdure and tints, which produce such cool
shades,
The different groups, on different pursuits,
The tracks of the mountain and vale, and their
fruits;

The wild flowers charming, which spring in the dells,
 The strata's diversified, mosses and shells,
 The insects, with beautiful colouring varied,
 The traveller staunch, and the traveller wearied.
 We cross o'er the Elbe, and mount Königstein,
 Ascend the high fortress, impregnable, strong,
 Commanding, the works are both lofty and fine,
 And ne'er has been numbered the vanquished
 among,
 Well conceived and well finished, 'tis treasured
 with care,
 With water supply'd a large store,
 Its depth and its size, too, made all of us stare,
 And a treadmill, too, made us stare more.
 Three light'ning conductors of simple design,
 Well contriv'd, high plac'd, and symmetric,
 And safe is the country around all opine,
 From all shocks of matter electric.
 After dinner up jib, all hands now to set sail,
 Adieu Königstein, adieu Captain Goetzell.*

* A Saxon officer of artillery, who was attentive to some of the party.

DRESDEN.

Now at Dresden again to see the collections
And to add to our store of sweet recollections
The exquisite paintings, fantastic green vaults,
The armoury grand, and extensive,
But Dresden, and London have similar faults,
In each seeing sights is expensive.
Since nothing on earth can with Dresden compare,
In what's shown in the Japanese Palace,
The china, Japan, French, and Dresden's own ware,
There's naught like it in England, or Paris;
A gen-e-o-log-i-cal hist'ry of clay
Since teapots, and tea were invented,
Ev'ry shape, and device, some tasteful, some gay,
Some antiques by crown'd heads presented.
The museum here, is nor choice nor is rare,
A mixture of unmeaning figures,
The dance of grim death too made all of us stare,
The cemetry and the grave diggers.

JOURNEY.

To Leipsig by railroad we move on full speed,
And at little Bernbourg* we take our repose,
To Magdeburg where to delay 'tis agreed
And a plan for our future proceedings propose.
Not to go down the Elbe, we quickly decide,
But to travel all night tow'rds Schwerin,
In vain to get slumber we all of us try'd,
But from jerking, and tossing, all sleep is denied,
The stones, ruts, and pools interfering;
The treasurer now has a difficult task,
Thalers, kreutzers, and groschens to change,
At Ludwigslust we are ashamed not, to ask
For silver, our bank to arrange.
O'er the Bowlinggreen road, now to Schwerin we
drive,
And Mecklenburg's Palace draw nigh,
To see all the lakes, and the gardens we strive,
And to find food for sketching we try.

* A pretty village in the principality of Anhalt.

We draw, and we walk, and then breakfast take,
 And then we proceed on to travel,
 'Tis warm, the road rough, we tremble, we shake,
 And yet a meal hearty we all of us make,
 On roads made with stone, nor with gravel.

LUBECK.

Hotel du Nord, at Lubeck's good,
 And Platzmann* letters sends us,
 We read the news, we take our food,
 He also money lends us.
 The passport and our places too
 By him are all arrang'd now,
 We walk out without more ado,
 The Dresden money† chang'd now,
 On Thursday saunter round the town,
 The ladies go a-shopping,
 Backwards, forwards, up and down,
 We labour without stopping.

* A merchant to whom I was recommended.

† Dresden money proved disadvantageous.

Caps and veils are now procured,
 At table d'hôte we're seated,
 A long repast is then endured,
 Though tolerably treated;
 Once more the good old carriage pack'd,
 The great umbrella ready,
 The bill is paid at time exact,
 Kate, Norney, and Miledi.
 The horses ready David calls,
 None dilatory proving,
 Our equipage now slowly crawls
 For Travemunde* removing.

TRAVEMUNDE.

There rest we find 'till Saturday,
 The wardrobes all arrang'd are,
 The Doorman's at the bathhouse gay,
 The plans for trav'ling chang'd are.

* Travemunde is a sort of outer harbour to Lubeck, being at the entrance of the Trave.

We hear of Stockholm, Abo too,
Of Helsingfors and Revel,
We calculate our time anew
And think that tour will do well.

VOYAGE TO PETERSBERG.

At three embarked, the steamer moves,
At four we're all at dinner,
The weather very charming proves,
What joy for saint and sinner.
All hearts rejoice, Norney and Kate,
On deck stay with Miledi,
In round house snug till very late,
Calm, smooth, the vessel steady;
Though slow we move for want of pow'r,
Though calm we cannot use a sail,
Though now and then we have a shower,
We call at Rugen for the mail.

The water smooth, the sky quite clear,
 By Bornholm, Gothland, now we steam,
 All kinds of vessels passing near,
 The passengers be now my theme.

Oh! lud what a rare set of folks
 In the steamboat to Petersburg meet,
 What nodding, what winking, what jokes,
 When Yankees, the Britishers greet;
 The Russian, the German, the Jew,
 The Tartar, the Swede, and the Greek,
 The faithful, the infidel too,
 The meagre, the lame, and the sleek,
 The pedlar, the merchant, the priest,
 The soldier, a blaspheming Scot,
 A horrid, unmannerly beast,
 A sensual smoker and sot;
 What argument, noise, O! what din,
 Amusing to Norney and me,
 On religion, on virtue, on sin,
 Disgusting to hear and to see.

With a clergyman, crack'd and hair brain'd,
 Void of argument, point, or expression,
 Good doctrine is badly explain'd
 And his reasoning makes no impression.
 Luther, Calvin, with Chalmers, and more,
 Are canvass'd, and ridiculed too,
 The discussion we all vote a bore,
 Impatient and tired all grew;
 He impious comparisons made,
 Of Pope, prima donna's, and parsons,
 All religion foorsooth to degrade,
 With his devilish animadversions:
 He stifled the ladies with smoke,
 For his own selfish gratification,
 And all our disgust did provoke,
 Deserving our strong reprobation.
 But Baynes,* with his brats and Greek wife,
 With his slave, in Albanian costume,
 Are some comfort amidst all the strife,
 And add some bright rays to the gloom.

* Mr. Baynes was just appointed Consul Gen. to St. Petersburg.

There are several Russian spies,*
 In various forms and disguise;
 Some listen while shutting their eyes,
 All such we abhor and despise;
 On Wednesday the fleet are in sight,
 The fortress of Cronstadt we near,
 The water transparent and bright,
 The atmosphere, buoyant and clear.

CRONSTADT.

The guard-boat now stop us, we bring our ship to,
 And get a good view of the fleet,
 Which are moor'd in a line for manœuvre and show,
 Fresh painted, in order complete;
 Eighteen sail of the line, two divisions compose,
 Frigates, some schooners, and brigs,
 Three corvettes, two luggers, all plac'd in a row,
 Yachts, store ships of different rigs;

* Russian spies are to be found in every vessel going to or from that country.

Our passports are visé'd by such a rare crew,
 Of gents whiskered, with fine decorations,
 So slow and phlegmatic we soon tired grew,
 And lose ev'ry jot of our patience.
 On the bar of the Neva we anchored that night,
 And could not get up till the morning,
 Though tired the ladies would see all the sight,
 And enjoy'd it, though gaping and yawning.

ST. PETERSBERG.

We land, clear the customs, and search for an inn,
 But failing at Demuth,* try Coulon,*
 And on the first night the bugs so begin,
 That we fancy we've been in it too long;
 The servants' uncivil, are stupid and rude,
 The valet de place is no go,
 Our wants and our wishes are not understood,
 Disobliging, all dirty, all slow.

* Both are recommended in the hand book of Murray

They lie and they cheat, both Coulon and me,

Such noises, such uproar alarming,

No rest can we get for the bug and the flea,

The mosquito and flies too are swarming.

But how can I attempt to describe this great
city,

With such various matters combined,

The ridiculous mixed with the grand, what a
pity,

No style and no order combined.

The buildings are large, but the buildings are low,

Spread over a vast deal of ground,

The taste is quite tawdry, all tinsel for show,

Altho' persevering, improvement is slow,

Little symmetry's here to be found.

But the Neva is splendid, is vast, and quite clear,

Transparent and bright to the eye,

How finished the shores of the Neva appear!

The quays of work'd granite, deep water quite near,

And vessels may lay very nigh.

But Russia with policy keeps up the farce,
Of preserving the shoals and the bar,
And small craft alone are permitted to pass,
The mud and the silt allow'd to amass,

By orders express from the Czar.
Thus he keeps up the humbug of building his
ships,
And launching them into the Neva,
Of using his camels, of making new slips,
Of manning his navy from soldier conscripts,
To favor his ship-building fever.

CRONSTADT.

'Tis Cronstadt that guards the approach to the
town,
A fortress and island complete,
Where they dock and repair, and heave the ships
down,
Great batteries bristling with large cannon frown,
And defy the advance of a fleet.

Here Peter the Great a long canal made,
Where he liv'd and taught savage slaves art,
Encouraging commerce, encouraging trade,
Where the game diplomatique he artfully played,
To make the Turk, Swede, and Pole smart.
Where bastions, basins, commercial fleets,
And war engines are deemed quite secure,
Where safety is felt in the squares and the streets,
Where the beautiful Neva, the Finland Gulph
meets,
Mixing waters quite salt and quite pure;
'Gainst waters these walls inefficient were made,
And subdued by that element were,
When the Ladoga swells, by the Neva conveyed,
No forlorn hope needed, and no escalade,
Are required their strength to impair.
The high swelling Neva will inundate all,
When checked by the current of Finland,
And breaches are made in each rampart and wall,
Destroying the ditches wherever they fall,
On the sea coast and frequently inland.

The sun and the dust, and the smells so disgust,
 And at Coulon's we've nought but ennui,
 In him we feel nothing, but doubt and distrust,
 Neither him nor his clerk, nor myrmidons just,
 To the ladies, to David, or me.

MICHAELOWSKY* AND PETERHOFF.†

What a treat to be asked by Clanricarde to dine,
 And to go to the emperor's play,
 Which we felt much surprised to find over at nine,
 And to stay two nights longer, we strongly incline,
 When press'd by his lordship to stay.
 The palace, the cottage,‡ the waterworks too,
 Mont Plaisir,§ and Strelna|| we viewed,
 Michaelowsky we sketched, and saw a fine view,
 Of Petersberg, Cronstadt, and more subjects new,
 And our host much civility shew'd.

* A small country house belonging to the Archduke Michael, in which the Marquess Clanricarde resided.

† A country palace of the Emperor, having fountains little if at all inferior to Versailles.

‡ A favourite residence of Nicolas.

§ A favourite refuge of Peter the Great.

|| The Grand Duke Constantine's palace.

On Tuesday to flies, to bugs, and the glare,
 Back to Coulon unwilling and sad,
 We return, and too often I rave and I swear,
 And the ladies I fancy my feelings too share,
 From torture, and restlessness, mad;
 But Ricord* and Grinwald† and Count Demi-
 doff, ‡
 Will show us the lions to-morrow,
 Kreutzenstern, § Baird, || and the orders of Men-
 chikoff, ¶
 Will show us the camels,** the ship too of Popoff††
 Will give a reprieve to our sorrow.

* Admiral Ricord of the Russian Admiralty, long in the English service.

† Master shipwright of the Admiralty Dock Yard.

‡ Count Demidoff was exceedingly polite in assisting me to get a sight of every thing.

§ Admiral Kreutzenstern at the head of the Naval College.

|| A British merchant of great wealth, naturalised and a sort of factotum in St. Petersburg.

Minister of Marine.

** Pontoons upon which ships are lifted over the bar of the Neva.

†† Ranking with a general, a sort of surveyor or ingenieur constructeur.

To Cronstadt we'll hie in Menchikoff's yacht,
And Demidoff's luncheon we'll eat,
The new ships we'll see, and those with the rot,
And view all the works on this fortified spot,
And all are quite sure of a treat.
In return we are taken by Grinwald the colonel,
The academy naval to see,
His attention and kindness to us are eternal,
And as true as the sunrise he's with us diurnal,
With constancy, warmth, and with glee.
The corps* de mines with its collections,
Affords agreeable reflections,
While sketching on the North Marina,
The models, gold, the malachite,
The rough and purer metals bright,
Aqua marina, virgin white,
Large pearls quite dazzling to the sight,
Such gems as seldom seen are.

* An establishment created for the purpose of teaching the art of mining, possessing a remarkable collection of minerals.

With Montferrand* we mount the church,
 And from it all the beauties search,
 A panorama ne'er excelled,
 What palaces, what gilded spires,
 The river too which never tires,
 Its beauty, clearness, fine reflection,
 And quays so worthy of inspection,
 And other wonders we beheld.

TZARSKOE† SELO.

Enjoying much a drama melo,
 We took us all to Tzarskoe Selo.
 Accompanied by good old Baird,
 Who's jack of all trades in the city,
 But growing old is, so says Kitty,
 A general merchant, sugar grinder,
 In speculation a gold finder,
 And much has to his kindred spared.

* The Montferrand, a French engineer who raised the massive obelisk erected to the memory of Alexander.

† Tzarskoe Selo, a country palace of the emperor, a favourite residence of the Empress Katharine.

His daughters dashing ladies are,
One a brunette, the other fair,
 And gave to us a welcome hearty,
The palaces, and lions shewed us,
And with much kindness they did load us,
To Vauxhall took us in her britzka
The widow brown, and fair Francesca,
 And then gave tea to all the party.

The Ochta dockyard monastery,
Where ladies kept are to be merry,
 Then to Kamschatka cross the water,
We rode to Alexander Newskoi,
Whose patron saint once came from Moskoi,
But here was bred, both man and boy,
The sacriligious to decoy,
 And to the devil prove a martyr;
Fed with old Ricord, quaffed his wine,
Madame his wife is quite divine,

Her lapdog's called Ramowski,
Kamschatka has a little tower,
She sits and works there by the hour,
She and the admiral take a ride,
She sitting backwards, he astride,
Upon his little drosky;
We went to see the tomb of Peter,
Who fame says was a wond'rous creature,
In citadel he buried lies,
Great whilst alive and ne'er forgot,
His reputation without spot;
Alexander, Catharine,
With many of the imperial line,
To show that ev'ry monarch dies;
We mount the church, Kate, Norney, me,
To gaze, and to new wonders see,
The colonel in attendance,
The hermitage, the winter palace,
The Admiralty whose spire tall is,
The granite pedestal and statue,
Of Peter always looking at you,
And riding without let or hindrance.

THE COURT.

On Sunday early I am off,
To see the great at Peterhoff,
Escorted by his Excellency;
My shabby equipage and team
Must any thing but courtly seem,
Nothing courtier like, nor princely;—

We breakfast take, and then in style,
Arrive, and have to wait awhile,
The Emperor is bathing;
We walk and call on Woronzoff,
All powerful at Peterhoff,
The Count Wolonsky * saving;

We talk of Turks, Egyptians too,
And also of the great review,
At Borodino forming;
Of Ali Pascha, camps and kings,
Of martial fights, of courtly things,
Of forts and cities storming.

* Wolonsky is considered most powerful at Court.

At three we find in ante room,
 The Emp'ror's page, the Emp'ror's groom,
 The waiting Lords and Ladies;
 Some foreign Princes, Duke and Count,
 And others of no great amount,
 So fine, I cried how gay 'tis.

Such stars, such orders, decorations,
 What bows, salutes, gesticulations,
 Grimaces diplomatic;
 Here nod and shrug, there servile leer,
 Where commoner salutes a peer,
 Nought here is democratic;

Our Anglesea is here, and sons,
 Superior he to Tartar Dons,
 And shows from whence he came;
 Clanricarde too superior seemed,
 A noble Irishman esteemed,
 And well deserves the name;

Gents, now, and Ladies in profusion,
Noise, clatter, and confusion,

The presence chamber opens;
By beef-eater I'm usher'd in,
Who smiles, and with inviting grin,
A menial slave betokens:

The Emperor advanc'd with smiles,
Commencing with imperial wiles,

Some compliments polite,
Off'ring with courtesy his hand,
As bowing I before him stand,
Accepting the invite;

And while my hand is in his clench,
His converse all in language French,

In English I respond;
He talks of ships, of Swedes and others,
Call'd Englishmen and Russians brothers,
By mutual tie and bond,

Such sympathy in heart and hand,
 That all improvement in our land,
 To Russia should be lent:
 In truth most welcome I was made,
 And condescending much was said,
 And much more said than meant.

Another bow, another shake,
 Allowed the Presence to forsake,
 Again among the crowd,
 But little time have I to rest,
 I find once more I'm in request,
 Another summons loud;

The Empress wishes for a chat,
 And wants to ask me what is what,
 In English does begin,
 To know if while at Töplitz, we
 Her father's royal court did see,
 And how we lik'd Berlin;

Thin was her Majesty and squalid,
Her countenance wrinkled, pallid,
 She lounging 'gainst a table,
And weak and languid though she seem'd,
Goodnature from her aspect beamed,
 In converse trite and able;

She spoke of ships, of institutions,
Of Cronstadt, dockyards, evolutions,
 Comparing theirs with ours;
Of travelling by Sweden home,
Observing how we Britons roam,
 To look at foreign powers.

Panting and her bosom heaving,
Respiring but scarcely breathing,
 Quite wan, and sadly worn.
No wonder that she's short of breath,
They say she's danced herself to death,
 Her state is quite forlorn.

A bow my mittimus pronounced,
Just as the dinner was announced,
Th' Imperial Pair advance,
Some parlance here, some small talk there,
All greeted by the royal pair,
At some they look askance.

And now the higher ranks move on,
The Prince, the Peer, the Baron, Don,
The strangers too are seated;
And now the sumptuous dinner serv'd,
No ceremony is observ'd,
All hospitably treated,

Imperial smile, imperial stare,
Is circulated here and there,
Sly looks, and much grimace,
Some signals of a tender sort,
My observation caught,
I search each lovely face,

Prying around most cautiously,
 The culprit favor'd I espy,
 Acknowledging the favor.
 The Empress being off her guard,
 Was ev'ry jealous feeling spared,
 Nor any trouble gave her.

We now prepare for jaunt to Sweden,
 Letters of introduction needing;
 We get our passport signed,
 We pack, we pay our bills, embark,
 So much advanc'd that ere 'tis dark
 Lord Anglesea's behind.

VOYAGE TO SWEDEN.

REVEL.

At morn in Revel safely moor'd,
 Count Heiden sends his son on board,
 To bring us all a friendly word,
 To dine on shore to-day.

At two the boat and carriage sent,
By Count and Countess kindly meant,
A ducking having ere we went,
And then we sped away;

The welcome smiles of all we meet,
And now enjoy a foreign treat,
The officers of Russia's fleet
We meet at Heiden's table;
The dinner with profusion serv'd,
The conversation's well preserved,
And no one silent, none reserved,
Count Heiden's quite aim-àble.

FINLAND.

Next day across to Finland's shores,
We stop and sleep at Helsingfors,
Where now the Russian eagle soars,
From crown of Sweden wrested;

Here Abo victimised we see,
 Once having an observat'ry,
 All rock, we scarcely see a tree,
 Of consequence divested.

A tortuous route some hundred miles,
 Through straits, canals, and numerous isles,
 By fortresses and strong defiles,
 At Stockholm we arrive.

RETROSPECTIVE ON THE PASSENGERS OF THE "STORFURSTEN"
 STEAM-BOAT, FROM PETERSBURGH TO FINLAND AND
 STOCKHOLM.

Of num'rous passengers who came,
 And many more than I can name,
 Of officers, civilians too,
 And many more besides the crew,
 One lady our attention drew,
 Superior, charming, pretty,
 Easy, affable and frank,
 Her manners of the highest rank,

Grace in her steps and in her eye,
 A certain something heavenly,
 Her gesture love and dignity,
 In converse bright and witty.

Of Russian Finland she the pride,
 A naval captain's lovely bride,
 Proceeding she to Helsingfors,
 To see those friends whom she adores,
 To bid adieu to native shores,
 Ere to Siberia* banish'd,
 In deserts far to be a queen,
 The lovely Madame Etholen;
 She came to London with her lord,
 And little time could she afford,
 Then both at Portsmouth went on board,
 Sail'd out, and quickly vanished;
 This banish'd Finland lady fair,
 From ev'ry ill may heaven spare,
 And soon to home restore her.

* Captain Etholen being appointed governor of the Russian establishment on the Coast of California.

She did her country's honors well,
 As we with grateful hearts can tell,
 How much those friends deplore her.

One Hamilton, an admiral,
 In Russia's dress quite comical,
 In converse was amusing,
 A Scot, who long had serv'd the Czar,
 And constantly, in peace and war,
 In ships, in port, and cruising,
 He show'd his house and garden too,
 And some compassion from us drew,
 When for his country sighing.
 Some Russian officers * of note,
 Who much attention did devote,
 To listening and to prying.

One lady, too, a forlorn Swede,
 A life of ennui seem'd to lead,
 Of desolation weary;

* A colonel and a captain, Russian officers, were sent in the *Storfursten* as spies, some suspicion having been entertained as to my motive for visiting Sweden.

An older Finland woman, too,
 While drinking wine, loquacious grew,
 When parting from her dearie;

We saw the fleet get under way,
 And Revel leave at break of day,
 Then pass'd them in review;
 All were not smart, nor were all slow,
 Some fit for service, some for show,
 Some old ships, and some new.

SWEDEN.—STOCKHOLM.

Most beautiful this city stands,
 And all around a view commands,
 Of lakes and hills, and lovely grounds,
 All but her navy thrive:
 Her gunboats is her greatest pow'r,
 But Russia's scowl and Russia's low'r,
 Will, spite of Swede, the Baltic scour,
 Unless prepared for fight.

Then man the ships from Norway's coast,
 In timber, mines, and ports a host,
 The Baltic never can be lost,
 If Dane and Swede unite.

GOTHA CANAL.

By steam through locks and lakes we go,
 O'er hill and dale, now quick, now slow,
 And where the Wennern waters flow,
 Trolhattan fiercely down:
 Where better locks are being made,
 To safely carry Sweden's trade,
 Because of Russia she's afraid,
 And to save Sweden's crown.
 Outside the Belt, the Sleeve, the Sound,
 Near Norway greater safety found,
 Where enterprise and tars abound,
 Her navy should be placed;
 O'er Gotha's stream, and Inland lake,
 The iron, tar, and timber take,
 A quick and certain transit make,
 When Sweden is menac'd.

DIGRESSION.

If England, when great Nelson fought,
And low the flag of Denmark brought,
Had kept possession, as she ought,
Of Zealand's forts and shipping,
And Hanover to Dane had given,
If Denmark's sons he then had driven,
In Zealand Hanoverians living,
Russia in politics outstripping;
The Belt, the Sound, the Sleeve enclose,
Without necessity for blows,
The Baltic shut from England's foes,
And free for her allies,
Then Sweden, Norway, hand in hand,
Combined to make a happy land,
And by each other firmly stand,
And Russia's threats despise;
Then flourishing the Baltic trade,
By Britain strong protection made,
Of no restriction then afraid,
The Hanse towns then would flourish;

The transit ev'ry where improve,
The steamboats, railroads, onward move,
And quickly all restraint remove,
Free trade and arts to nourish.

GOTTENBURGH.

At Gottenburgh we get some rest,
Where Mrs. Tod's hotel's the best,
A town by Dutchmen made,
Canals are formed in ev'ry street,
And bridges where the large streets meet,
Which favor much the trade.

DENMARK.

To Copenhagen then we sped,
And soon on Danish ground we tread,
Close passing Elsinore;
Reflect on Hamlet, Shakspeare too,
Of Nelson and those Britons true,
Who fought upon this shore.

Then passing o'er the classic ground,
 Whereon so many Britons found
 Their death and wat'ry grave,
 No fun'ral pomp, no shroud, no bier,
 No monumental stone is here,
 To show where fell the brave;
 We cross the great and little Belt,
 And then some sort of comfort felt,
 To find us safe at Kiel.

HOLSTEIN.

We sail upon the beauteous port,
 And lightly o'er the waters sport,
 And much refreshment feel,
 On Saturday we onward gang,
 To Hamburgh in a char-â-banc,
 But not to Streits* we go.

HAMBURGH.

Stadt† London seems to suit as well,
 But more we'll speak of this hotel,
 When more of it we know,

* Hotel. }
 † Hotel. } which have been since burnt.

The Doormans kind and civil are,
And comfortable is our fare,
 We go to church on Sunday,
And now the pelting hard rain pours,
And keeps us all day within doors,
 But we'll drive out on Monday,
Monday proves so clear and fine,
We drive to Blankenesse* to dine,
 And make a rural meal,
A pretty spot, the Elbe not far,
At night we see the Opera,
 And for poor Norma feel.
Tuesday arrives with too much rain,
We're forced to stay in doors again;
 We pay our bills and write;
Then with the Doormans take our tea,
Adieu to them and Hamburgh free,
 We go a-board at night.

* On the banks of the Elbe.

VOYAGE TO ENGLAND.

In Caledonia homeward steaming,
Down the Elbe we swiftly move,
All of pleasing raptures dreaming,
And longing to see those we love.
We scarcely clear that lovely river,
And find us on the rough North Sea,
Ere all the vessel seems to quiver,
Sea-sickness takes the place of glee.
The wind ahead, the sails are flapping,
Confusion noise assails our ears,
Now and then we find us napping,
Now and then a lull appears,
And now the south west strongly blowing,
The masts are struck, the yards are down,
The captain and his mate not knowing
When we may reach great London town ;
Deserted quite the dinner table,
No breakfast can the ladies take ;
To come on deck but few are able,
And some of them sad figures make.

The wind abates, again progressing,
 And Orfordness discover'd now,
 Up rise the sick, and all are dressing,
 The rest on deck their figures show.
 The Nore, Greenhithe, and Erith past,
 By Woolwich, Blackwall, Greenwich fast,
 By Deptford, Limehouse, off the Tower,
 We disembark at half-past four,
 Surpris'd and wondering at steam power.

FAREWELL.

Farewell Germans, Danes, and Russians,
 Farewell Baltic, Hanse towns, Prussians,
 Adieu long pipes, segars, and smokers,
 Ye money-changers, Jews, and brokers,
 Adieu to grease, and German dinners,
 Mad parsons, Yankees, saints and sinners,
 Adieu to char-â-bancs and droskies,
 Peterhoffs, and Michaelowskies,
 Menchikoff, the Prince, and Popoff,
 Ricord, Grinwald, Demidoff,

Emp'rors, Empresses and Archdukes,
 Baynes's, Greeks, and Mamelukes,
 Ambassadors, their Secrétaries,
 Lakes and rivers, estuaries,
 Envoys, Consuls, Attachées,
 Italian operas, French plays,
 Waters, baths, Archduchess Marie,
 Sight-seeing Leuchtenberg, and Clary,
 Good people all, genteel and vulgar,
 Dutch Alexander, Archduchess Olga,
 Archduke of Austria, Anglesea,
 Oldenburgh, and Pagets three,
 Some hundred courtiers, Woronzoff,
 Peter's statue, Suvaroff;—
 Adieu to Count, adieu to Baron,
 To those with riband or with star on;
 Adieu distinctions, decorations,
 Pride without sense and proud sensations;
 Farewell to fashion, which entices,
 Youth to sensual, selfish vices,—

That drug, tobacco, so destructive,
That weed so pois'nous, so seductive ;
Stupifying, effeminating,
Another want to man creating,
Spitting, drinking, odious breath,
Vitals gnawing, worse than death ;
Farewell waterfalls and locks,
To junipers, to firs, and rocks ;
Farewell acquaintance all, and places,
All that our memory retraces ;
The joys of Saxon Switzerland,
Fresh in our memories will stand,
Pleasant Töplitz, beauteous Prague,
Have left no slight remembrance vague,
The Dresden galleries, collections,
Are fresh upon our recollections.
Farewell great Frederick's work, Berlin,
Its noble buildings, too, Schwerin ;
Adorned with lakes, that noble Chaussée,
Macadamis'd, each side a fossée.

From Ludwigslust a railroad even,
By ape one might be safely driven;
Adieu, ye crackskull roads, and common,
Which shake to death both man and woman,
Farewell postillions, horns, whips, boots,
Slow trav'ling, too, which no one suits.
Adieu, Borascos, and blue skies,
Farewell mosquitos, bugs and flies;
Blue devils, emp'rors, tender looks,
Bad victuals, and confounded cooks;
Farewell, John Bull, farewell Streits,
Farewell trav'ling days and nights;
Farewell baths at Schandau, Tetschen,
Drei Linden, Louis Bauer, Hradschin,
Rural dinners, rural sketching,
Hotel Pologne, to Königstein,
And intereresting Waldestein;
Farewell Cartwright, Wynne, Clanricarde,
Edwards, Brown, Buchanan, Baird,

Bernadotte, Carl, farewell,
I hope they won't their country sell;
To Frederick and to Storfürsten,
To Swedes, with patriot zeal who're bursting,
Farewell engineers and stokers,
And to the land where all are smokers;
Gottenburg, adieu, and Wennern,
Tom Telford, Gotha, goodbye Wettern,
Farewell rhymes, with yawns which mingle,
Farewell medley, doggerel, jingle,
Kitty nods, Miledi sleeps,
And Norney, dozing, silent keeps;
Farewell my theme, farewell my verse,
For truly it gets worse and worse,
My pens worn out—have taken flight,
I'm in the dark, good night, good night!

VOYAGE TO GIBRALTAR, MALTA, ATHENS, CONSTANTINOPLE, TREBIZOND, ODESSA, NICOLAIEFF, SEVASTOPOL, KRIMEA, AND BACK TO ODESSA.

JOURNEY HOME THROUGH BESERABIA, GALLICIA, MORAVIA, AUSTRIA, BAVARIA TO FRANKFORT, MAYENCE, DOWN THE RHINE TO ROTTERDAM, HAGUE, AND ACROSS THE CHANNEL TO ENGLAND. IN 78 DAYS, JULY, AUGUST, AND HALF SEPTEMBER IN THE YEAR 1841.

PRELUDE TO DEPARTURE.

Och! these elections, what rejections, sad defections on both sides,

Whig and Tory strive for glory, con amore, double tides,

Bribe, pledge and promise, to Dick and Tom is, with threat to ^{is} some profusely given,

Corn law, taxes, poor law acts's, no one relaxes to gain votes,

Father, mother, sister, brother, think it sinless to turn coats.

Och! what a bustle, to get Lord Russell, what a
tussel to get in,

With Mr. Attwood, and also that Wood, for city
that stood, all for to win;

Och! what commotion, just like ocean, what de-
votion to head the poll,

Och! how they try all, to get in Lyall, who's going
by all, with heart and soul;

Och! what must'rings with the puss strings, at the
hustings to purchase plumpers,

Hark! what cheering, cellars clearing, speeches
hearing, toasts and bumpers.

Then at Westminster, where ev'ry spinster, tries
arts sinister for to get in Rous,

The friends of Leader, from all doubts free'd are,
and Evans can't get in the house.

Adieu electors, and police inspectors, vote col-
lectors, and all those concerned,

To magistrates too, and candidates too, who fighting
hard are to be returned.

DEPARTURE.

The last of June, I take my leave,
Tho' quitting friends, I cannot grieve
 To move from smoky London,
Of all my bus'ness I dispose,
Each public, private matter close,
 And nothing I leave undone.
By railroad to Southampton, I,
To sleep at Portsea onward fly,
 And lodge with Billy Hellflames;
On first of July see the yard,
Write P.P.C. upon my card,
 Leave Billy and his Beldames.
To Codrington I say my say,
The Bouveries are gone away,
 I call on Hasting's ladies;
Then settle points with Mr. Blake,
A peep at "Queen" and others take,
 And now my visit made is.

EMBARKATION.

At Hampton then I dine, embark,
There make all snug before 'tis dark,
 And write home to Miledi;
The baggage stow'd and all contrived,
Few passengers have yet arrived,
 I find my cabin ready.
The purser seems a good old boy,
The doctor too, and Captain Soy,*
 Are sitting at the table;
The Oriental has a keel,
Which underway I fear she'll feel,
 Slow go's inevitable.
July the 2nd sail at eight,
Complete the passengers and freight,
 Slow moves the Oriental;
We land some folks at Cowes, and then
Down Solent, we pass Hurst at ten,
 Our hopes are onward bent all.

* Captain of the Oriental.

The Needle Point looks bold and white,
 Old Harry,* Swanage, now in sight,
 Then Portland on our beam,
 Pass West-bay, and the Berry-head,
 Off Plymouth, when we're all in bed,
 Of foreign lands we dream.

FALMOUTH.

In Falmouth on the third, we ride,
 Where packets anchor side by side,
 Election here makes all folks rife,
 With jealousy, with party strife,
 The lib'ral party seated;
 Vivian, Plumridge, Whigs are in,
 For Falmouth borough and Penryn,
 The Tories are defeated.
 To have a walk we go on shore,
 In Welch's boat, the commodore,
 And pace the streets and strand;
 At four they take on board the mail,
 And while at dinner steam and sail,
 At sunset far from land.

* A remarkable chalk headland on the Island of Purbeck.

AT SEA, IN ORIENTAL.

The Oriental moves quite slow,
And deeply laden is no go,
Her fame's exaggerated.
The long saloon, "les milles colonnes," *
The tawdry ornaments upon
The panels separated,
Are not in keeping with the rest,
Which filthy, dirty, is at best,
Contriv'd ill, all confusion;
With grease and smut the meals are serv'd,
No style, no neatness is observed,
Coarse victuals in profusion.
Tormenting flies, from Egypt brought,
In vain is quiet from them sought,
They tease us in our slumbers;
The dead-lights clos'd, we're so confined,
To smotheration all consign'd,
Which much augments their numbers.

* The cabin is fitted with a number of wooden columns, which are reflected in the mirrors manifold.

The passengers a lively crew,
In fun there's something always new;
Four ladies of the number,
A Mistress Whitehead and a mister,
A baby also, and a sister,
Who's rather fond of slumber.
Miss Edwards fain would have a "Crook,"
And fain would an Arcadian look,
A shepherdess sans doute;
O'er Egypt's sands, and o'er Red Sea,
Companions they are doom'd to be,
Performing the same route.
A Bishop Anastasius namely,
Who calls himself from Mes'potamy,
A Syrian christian he;
Unshaven, dirty, and unshorn,
He eats and drinks from night till morn,
He laughs and jokes with glee.
With lively sallies, hum'rous jokes,
All made for him by other folks,
Unconscious, undivining;

He jabbers ev'ry living lingo,
 Drinks both of gin and whisky stingo,
 Nothing good declining.

A naval wight from Falmouth came,
 I need not here express his name,

A would-be politician;
 Important he in charge of mail,
 Oppos'd to Peel and sliding scale,
 And loud for abolition

Of corn laws, and of sugar dues,
 He serv'd his hearers to amuse,

With inconsistent reason;
 Unmeaning language, rhet'ric dull,
 Devoid of sense, a witless skull,

With manner too unpleasing:
 The fair wind drives our bark along,
 Sometimes quite light, and sometimes strong,

Off Finisterre on Monday,
 On Tuesday see the Burling's near,
 By Lisbon Rock and St. Rocque steer,
 A decent run for one day.

Then by St. Vincent steam away,
 Pass many vessels in our way,
 We cross the bay of Cadiz;
 Then for the straits we bend our course,
 Scirocco winds grow worse and worse,
 Yet cheerful are the ladies.
 On Thursday morning soon as light,
 Gibhilterra is in sight,
 Ape's hill, and Cabaritta,
 Europa point is right a-head,
 The sleepy crew get out of bed,
 To view the town and fleet too.

GIBRALTAR.

In Pratique boat I shortly land,
 And find my horse and groom at hand,
 With Gordon my attendant,
 Break bread with Zeb,* to convent go,
 To shake hands, and say how d'ye do,
 To gov'nor and intendant.

* Mr. Gordon, whose wife's name is Zebée.

Oh! Woodford and thy lady fair,
 How Time has thinn'd thy flowing hair,
 And thine too Sinclair John;

'Tis time that steals our years away,
 And steals our pleasures too they say,
 Before we go anon!

The "Thund'rer" Berkeley's in the bay,
 I go on board to say my say,
 We then depart at one;

The fine old rock does nobly stand,
 And seems to have supreme command,
 Of straits and Mediterranean.

Around Europa point we wind,
 Blue sky and smoothest water find,
 O'er "dark blue sea" we skim,

Ere sunset we see Malaga,
 Passing the coast not very far,
 Thick, hazy, and quite dim.

And now Scirocco * wind and swelter,
 Humidity and weak'ning heat,
 Lassitude and torments felt are,
 We can scarcely drink or eat.

* South-east wind.

At night the clouds are gath'ring round us,
 All impatient for a change,
 Threat'ning gleams of light surround us,
 Meteors fall, commotion strange:
 At length the air appears like fire,
 A burning vapour from the shore,
 From Calor ready to expire,
 All rise to search and to explore.
 Some fancy all the boilers bursting,
 Some think the funnel is red hot,
 All hands are panting, parch'd and thirsting,
 Some much alarm'd are, some are not.
 The torrid stream at length is over,
 All fear and all alarm is gone,
 From Simoom heat all soon recover,
 All vote it a phenomenon.
 Scirocco's alter'd to ponente,*
 We've fresh'ning winds and rising seas,
 If such a breeze does not content ye,
 You're difficult indeed to please.

* West wind.

On Saturday we pass Algiers,
 Adopted land of Gallia's sons,
 Little tempting there appears,
 White wash'd houses, forts and guns;
 Undulating barren coast,
 Sandy deserts, mountains arid,
 And yet those Frenchmen vainly boast,
 Successful enterprizes carried.
 On Sunday, Hadley* said as how,
 Our souls divine are, and immortal;
 The road to heav'n tried to show,
 But 'twas too long a stave, we thought all.
 And now round Galita we wind,
 See Canne, Zembra, after night,
 And then Cape Bon is left behind,
 The sunset was a splendid sight.
 On Monday Pantellaria near,
 We steer in a straight line for Gozo,
 And on the very line we steer,
 Both wind and current with us go too.

* A clergyman, a passenger.

Prodigious power, mighty steam!

Surpris'd we sing thy meed of praise,
Our movements all like witchcraft seem,
Our transit fills us with amaze.

VALETTA.

Valetta's a city most justly renown'd,
And for beauty will ever be fam'd,
With ditches and lines, 'tis defended all round,
No fortress on earth can much stronger be found,
From its founder they say it is nam'd.

The streets at right angles are handsome and wide,
Of lava the centre is made,
With free-stone a pavement is form'd on each side,
In these beautiful Stradas they walk and they ride,
Houses balcony'd make a cool shade.

Every house in the town is a palace indeed,
So roomy, so spacious, so high,

That with coolness and comfort, you sleep and you
feed,

And if from the house you incline to be free'd,
To the terrace at eve you may hie.

From thence in clear weather Mount Etna you spy,
The sea and the vessels thereon,
And cool breezes feel when the sunset is nigh,
Delighted to gaze on a Claude Lorraine sky,
At the sun too until he is gone.

The National structures are handsome and fine,
The churches are many and grand,
The style of the building does mostly incline,
To the composite order, and others combine,
Quite unique's the style of this land.

I grieve very much to record the decay,
Of works too extensively made;
Sixty mile's length of walls, the engineers say,
Which are all decomposing day after day,
And can't be kept up I'm afraid.

The Maltese are good, very harmless and civil,
The best natur'd folks in the world,
But their manner of ringing amounts to an evil,
The ringers full oft have I wish'd to the devil,
And the bells to the devil be hurl'd.

My house on a prominent rock o'er the port,
Commanding a beautiful view;
The walls of my garden resembled a fort,
Fish, fountains, and fruit too, of every sort,
Were within it, and orange groves too.

In Malta you know I have liv'd a long while,
And left it because I'd a touch of the bile,
Then sent by the doctors to Chelt'nham for cure,
Tho' waters and med'cine I ne'er could endure.
In Malta I first took to naval construction,
In Malta I launch'd forth my maiden production,
"Nancy Dawson," "The Pirate," and dashing
"Sal Shapes,"
All famous for larking and getting in scrapes,

'Tween Comino and Malta, we'd run to Linosa,
 Then lay for a night at Megiarra in Gozo.
 Circumnavigate Sicily, stop at Messina,
 See Catania, Etna, and pass Taormina ;
 Siracusa, Cape Passero, look at Girgenti,
 By storm driv'n back, I resume L'Intendente : *
 But much may be said on a subject like this,
 Such associations add much to one's bliss,
 And bring back reflections of pleasures long past,
 The pleasing delusion too long cannot last ;
 Long, long be my mind with such memories stor'd,
 With all recollections on shore and on board,
 'Tis pleasing to find that one's friends are all true,
 And charming that friendship again to renew ;
 This visit to Malta delightful has been,
 For many such friends in Valetta I've seen.
 Britannia, Vanguard, and the Howe,
 The Hazard and the Gorgon too,
 In harbour make a goodly show,
 I row around the port ;

* My office was Intendant of Marine Police, &c.

And then call on the admiral,
But know not why they Ralph him call,
In earnest or in sport.

Now let us go to the chief of the Druses,
Who grants you admittance whenever he chooses,
But although Emir Beschir, his person may show,
You cannot converse without Don Stefano.

The poor captive prince seems to feel strong desire,
To return to his mountains, through Sidon and
Tyre,

Both he and the Don, his wife and his daughter,
Appear'd at the garden like fish out of water.
Then I visit with Sim the fair shepherdesses,
Who lay in their beds in night caps and dresses,
The poor crippled mother upon an arm'd chair,
Instead of a bed for some weeks was her share;
Call'd on Frere, Greig and Sim, and also on Dunn,
On Bouchiers, on Schranz, and on Louis at one,
Saw dock yard and dock, then call'd on some more,
Pack'd, paid bills, and then bade adieu to the shore.

And now to demolish "Ralph Nickleby's" beef,
 We dine there because he's Commander in Chief;
 Though rough in his manners, tho' strange are his
 ways,

Though not diplomatic in all that he says,
 Intrinsic he may be, and somewhat akin,
 To stones which look rough, but are polish'd
 within;

And if his "Alburnam"* be durable stuff,
 He'll never decay, but prove quite strong and tough.
 They say that his girls interfere with the ships,
 And frequently manage to make private trips,
 Defects of Britannia, enhanc'd were by them,
 And they try'd with their chums that poor ship to
 condemn;

Good night to Sir John, good night superintendent,
 There's something out here that wants much
 amendment.

* A misnomer of the Admiral for Albuminous or Albumen.

SAIL FOR GREECE.

Sir John Macneil and retinue,
The Consul Gen'ral Barnett too,
 To Malta say adieu,
Embark'd in Polyphemus steaming,
Of classic lore, and shore we're dreaming,
 Morea's coast in view.
The sea is beauteous and blue,
The sky is blue and cloudless too,
 Thermometer is rising,
The heat, the scorching heat of day,
In sweltering heat at night we lay,
For coolness 'tis in vain to pray,
 Each shift and change devising.
The glass does now at ninety stand,
In Polyphemus and on land,
 Hot sand comes from the shore,
'Twixt Matapan and Cerigo,
Off Angelo hot breezes blow,
 And broil us more and more.

Pass Belo-Pouli, Stratonisi,
 Off Spezzia, Hydra, still 'tis breezy,
 By Egina we fly,
 And now Piræus drawing near,
 Between the entrance pillars steer,
 'Mong French and Russians lie.

GREECE.—ATHENS.

Here pratique gain and go on shore,
 Determin'd Athens to explore,
 Thro' sultry dust we drive,
 Not classic is our equipage,
 Nor the apartments some engage
 When melting we arrive.

Can this be Greece, the classic land?
 O! barren waste on ev'ry hand,
 No soil, no cultivation;
 Coast and mountain, hill and dale,
 Promontory, plain and vale,
 One parch'd up desolation.

Sir Edmund Lyons is my host,
Who cruized some years upon this coast,
And help'd to make a king,
Bavarian Otho, and his minions,
Who's changing now all right opinions,
A vile despotic thing.

Although by Turks once rough-shod ridden,
They'll rise by Mavrocordato bidden,
To drive the wretch away,
Tricoupi may to England go,
And Colcotroni prove a foe,
A traitor's game may play.

The dinner finish'd, off I ride,
His Excellency by my side,
While passing through the town,
We see the tomb of Lysicrates,
But all around in wretched state is,
And little worthy to be shown.

We mount Acropolis, and enter,
By Propylœa near the centre,
And near Victoria's temple,
The Parthenon, most wond'rous work,
How mutilated by the Turk,
And Elgin's sad example.

The Erectheum beauteous would be,
When clear'd of rubbish, if it could be,
Huge reliques strew'd around,
Columns, capitals, and bases,
Frieze, cornice, mix'd, preserve some traces
Of antiquity, and some are sound.

We pass the gate of the Agora,
And take a moment's peep at Stoa,
The Areopagus see,
Now Jupiter, Olympus grand,
Through Adrian's gate within we stand,
Most splendid all agree.

Quite vast as splendid is the mass,
Of marble columns which we pass,
Majestic spreading far,
Huge stacks of wheat create our puzzle,
Tho' orthodox, without a muzzle,
Beasts driven o'er it are.

On Monday ere the peep of day,
Well mounted I am on my way,
Anchesmus' mount to climb,
And when we leave that mount behind,
We see the Temple of the Wind,
Near buried now by time.

Paul's pulpit, and Demosthenes,
On sterile land devoid of trees,
Theseus' temple and Eleusis;
A rocky precipice quite bright,
From constant friction day and night,
A sliding place for ladies' uses.

Ye gods! what sights abroad are seen,
 'Tis said that Otho and his queen,
 Attended by a band,
 Who play in Theseus' temple near,
 Harmonic sounds drown nervous fear,
 They slide down hand in hand.

They say the mount of Philopassus,
 Encourages the Grecian lasses,
 To keep this hard stone bright;
 Pentillicus nor marble Parian,
 Nor any known to antiquarian,
 Black coloured or if white.

Eleusis like can shine or charm,
 Nor give to Greek girls good or harm,
 Or give an heir to Greece,
 To Germany the queen is gone,
 While Otho tries the stone alone,
 To favour an increase.

The Turks from that hill made a fuss,
 And fain would form a "Montagne Russe,"
 To get at the fair ladies,
 Or on Themistocles' long wall,
 Make railroad ev'n to carry all,
 Tho' now so much decay'd 'tis.

Enough of Athens, barren, arid,
 Back to Piræus now we're carried,
 Thro' clouds of dust and wind,
 But when on board we quickly prove,
 Disinclination soon to move,
 To sleep they're more inclined.

ARCHIPELAGO.

At four we've got the steam upon her,
 At eight we're passing Cape Colonna,
 At midnight d'Oro near,
 By Negropont and Macronisi,
 The night is rough and much to breezy,
 Near Andros, Psara, Scio, steer.

Now, now we coast near Mytelene,
 Cape Baba, Troja, soon are seen,
 And Tenedos an isle;
 See Imbro rugged, Lemnos low,
 In sight of Samothraki go,
 From Dardanelles a mile.

DARDANELLES.

We sleep and at the break of day,
 On Tuesday morning wend our way,
 The Hellespont to trace,
 By bristling forts, some old, some new,
 In Europe or in Asia flew,
 Most interesting place.

But Mr. Lauder I forgot,
 Came off to talk of where and what,
 Then Dardanelles adieu;
 Marmora's Sea is now a-head,
 Fast to Stamboul we're onward led,
 Abydos, Sestos too.

Marmora's surface smooth as glass,
Most rapidly we o'er it pass,
And pass its islands too;
We anchor near the shore at night,
To see by daylight all the sight,
And give rest to the crew.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

The morn arrives, the night is gone,
We move the Bosphorus upon,
And steer towards the Horn;
Mosques, minarets, the seven towers,
Cypress trees, Kiosks, and bowers,
And beauteous is the morn.

Now Galata, the Fleet, and Pera,
Ten thousand objects coming nearer,
What palaces and fountains,
Leander's tower, Scutari,
The Prince's islands too we see,
Hills far and near, and mountains.

In vary'd shapes the vessels move,
 The coast abounds with garden, grove,
 With castles, bagnio's, khans,
 To charm Sultanas, Kadines* too,
 Who hear soft tales both old and new,
 Of woman's loves and man's.

From Dervish† under jalousie,
 Where ladies hear but may not see,
 Soft sounds to charm the ear;
 The only joy of Odalisque,‡
 Who serenaded without risque,
 May listen without fear.

* The wives of the Sultan are called Kadines, who are dismissed whenever he pleases.

† Dervishes are equivalent to monks in the Roman Catholic religion.

‡ Odalisques are females of the Imperial Harem, from whom the Sultan's wives are chosen.

Imperial harems and divans,
 Magnificent on sumptuous plans,
 Are scattered round the coast;
 For worship, smoking, and for houris,
 O'er seven bays and promontories,
 One's in amazement lost.

Beauteous indeed is all the scene,
 And nought but beauties intervene,
 'Twixt Dardanelles and Pontus,
 The waters clear, the waters blue,
 Scenes ever changing, ever new,
 From Pontus to Propontis.

Alas! the gay illusion's o'er,
 The instant that one goes on shore,
 To Stamboul or to Pera;
 To Scutari, to Tophanna,
 Or if one lands at Galata,
 No fanciful chimera.

The heat, the stench, the narrow streets,
 The filth, the crowds one always meets,
 The carrion dogs who're swarming;
 Yelling, growling, yelping, barking,
 Snarling if you ride, or walking,
 Both rider and the horse alarming.

In swarms you meet Turk, Jew and Frank,
 Bey,* Sheik,† Effendi,‡ ev'ry rank,
 Armenian, Giaour,§ Rajah,||
 Albanians, Muftis,¶ Dragoman,**
 Hakims,†† Imaums,‡‡ Ottoman,
 Islam,§§ Moslem,||| Aga.¶¶

* An officer of the highest rank.

† A learned or holy man.

‡ A gentleman.

§ An infidel.

|| Christian subjects of the Sultan.

¶ Doctors of Law.

** Interpreters.

†† Physicians.

‡‡ Chief of the Faith.

§§ Devoted to Mahomet.

||| Devoted to Mahomet.

¶¶ Officer, not of high rank.

Sultan, Pasha,* and grand Vizier,
 Reis Effendi,† Seraskier, ‡
 Seraffs, § Barber-bashi; ||
 Mausoleums, scraps from Koran,
 Cemeteries with dogs exploring,
 Sir Kiatib, ¶ and Agassi.**

Hotel d'Angleterre and Bellevue,
 One exclamation from us all drew,
 Hot, comfortless, expensive;
 But Missieri's is the best,
 And is much cleaner than the rest,
 Whose dirt is quite offensive.

* Viceroy.

† High Chancellor of the Empire.

‡ Commander-in-Chief of the Army.

§ Bankers.

|| Chief Barber.

¶ Sultan's Private Secretary.

** Grand Master of the Palace or Seraglio.

But Yavier Pacha, princely Turk,
Who nobly did the Sultan's work,
The gallant Admiral Walker,
Who gain'd such honour and repute,
At Tyre, Sidon, and Beyrout,
At Jaffa, and at Acre,

Offer'd me his house and board,
Which ev'ry comfort does afford,
With breezes cool and shady;
Therapia is a charming place,
Refinement, elegance, and grace,
With Walker and his lady.

Here lives our minister, a lord,
But England can't a house afford,
As other nations do;
There in a shabby box of wood,
Our embassy in state has stood,
Our stinginess to show.

While France and Russia nothing new,
Have state in town and country too,
And live in princely way,
The Turk who loves both state and style,
Will think us wretched, poor, and vile,
And well indeed he may.

The Russian lives at Buykdērè,
A spacious palace on a quay,
Two men of war quite near,
A steamer and a schooner fine,
Are attributes which all opine,
May claim respect, and fear.

Of Cartwright I must say a word,
Tho' all the world of him have heard,
Our Consul General he,
Choice spirit, cheerful, witty, waggish,
In welcome greeting he was lavish,
To Macneil, Barnett, me.

While with Walker I stay,
 I've a trip ev'ry day,
 To the ships, to the vale, to the mount;
 To the Bends* of Belgrade,
 Reservoirs staunchly made,
 And cool water drank from the fount.

O'er hill and thro' glade,
 Thick woods giving shade,
 We ride where 'tis fragrant and cool,
 To seraglios, mosques,
 To bazaars and kiosks,
 Round the towers and walls of Stamboul.

Most extensive, most imposing,
 Crumbling ruins decomposing,
 Records of renown and fame;
 Ruins sacred, grandeur prostrate,
 Strength and power they demonstrate,
 Records of Byzantium's name.

* Bend means a valley, dammed up to form a reservoir for water.

Or in caique, light graceful bark,
 Skim o'er the clear blue stream, to mark
 The beauties of the place;
 Reflecting like a mirror bright,
 The whole of the inspiring sight,
 On it's transparent face.

Oh! so enchanting is the scene,
 The traveller from morn to e'en,
 Ne'er tired is with gazing;
 Departed* souls too, day, and night,
 Are skimming o'er this surface bright,
 The numbers quite amazing.

Thro' Sultan's vale to Giant's Mount,
 To add more names to this account,
 Pass Unkiar Skelessi,†

* Birds for which the Turks feel a superstitious reverence, fancying that they possess the souls of the damned; these birds are never known to rest, but are ever and unremittingly flying close to the surface of the Bosphorus.

† The situation on the Bosphorus where the Russian army was encamped when the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi was made between the Turks and Russians.

Venetian forts, the ships, the shoal,
We try'd indeed to see the whole,
In this exploring essay.

The Turks they say are now more wary,
Since bloody fate of Janissary,
By Mahmoud's carnage dire ;
The ladies too much safer grown,
In Bosphorus are seldom thrown,
The sacks they've set on fire.

The melancholy cypress waves,
In solemn silence o'er the graves,
In Turkish cemeteries,
So sacred and such numbers here,
The dead, and living mix'd appear,
Men, women, tombs and trees.

But my poor host is sore,
And his wife suffers more,
From infliction, and trial severe ;

Disease with quick strides,
 Skill and med'cine derides,
 Not a chance for their poor little dear.

Adieu Mr. Titoff,*
 At midnight we get off,
 Obtrusive I prithee don't deem us,
 Round Russia's lake,
 We're determined to make,
 A détour in our own Polyphemus.

Which I'm sure will be sooner,
 By half than your schooner,
 Altho' 'tis a much longer round,
 And I want to explore,
 And to see something more,
 Of your lake,* and the forbidden ground.

* The Russian Ambassador.

† The Black Sea.

BLACK SEA.

And now we pass that mighty fort,
Which might have cut our passage short,
 With marble shot and shell,
Though Mr. Secretary Scott,
A firman from the Turks had got,
 He kept the secret well.

In Turkey you may cut a caper,
With such a dirty piece of paper,
 In muslin tied and seal'd,
Some words in Turkish character,
Pothooks, hangers, here and there,
 A firman's * so revealed.

Along the coast of Asia Minor,
I never saw a coast much finer,
 Hills, valleys, promontories,
Wood, and verdure crown the hills,
Down the valleys purling rills,
 And quite steep to the shore is.

* A Turkish passport.

To find a port in vain we hope,
And try Amestro, and Sinope,
A little port, and bay,
The bay is good for ship, or brig,
Or fleet of any kind of rig,
The bottom mud, and clay.

At Trebisonde we find a port,
Where Greeks and other folks resort,
Circassians often come,
Although quite open to the wind,
Good shelter in the bay they find,
Because winds don't blow home.

The town stands on a sloping ground,
'Mong trees where minarets abound,
Surmounted by a plain;
A table hill stands up behind,
And to the plain the footpaths wind,
A promenade to gain.

The castellated walls around,
 Are nearly levell'd with the ground,
 Like ev'ry Turkish town,
 O! followers of Mahomet,
 O! Turks your sun is nearly set,
 The Crescent's going down.

Adieu Ambassador Macneil,*
 Respect and love for you all feel,
 We thank you much for what's done;
 Good bye Major,† good bye prattle,
 By Jove you are a pleasant rattle,
 Good bye Walter Scott's son.‡

PERSONALITIES AND REFLECTIONS.

Tho' Wyse's § insult was not meant,
 Yet Penrose || was impertinent,
 The dirty dip of ink.—

* Persian Ambassador.

† Major Prattan in his suite.

‡ Of the foreign office, also in his suite, since dead.

§ Mate of Polyphemus }
 || Clerk of Ditto } Behaved ill to passengers' servants.

And good bye thou, divinest part,
 Thou man * who after Ralph's own heart,
 Like Ralph thou art we think.

A show without reality,
 Cold measured hospitality,
 Dispensed without good breeding;
 Pedantic, vain, and most conceited,
 Unceremoniously treated,
 Reform in all much needing.

Tho' in Piræus there's not room,
 To clear a Russian schooner's boom,
 Tho' Russians sometimes shame us,
 Bad fare, and leaks, and no pretence,
 A seaman † without confidence,
 Thou'lt ne'er be Poly-famous.

* Protégé of Commander in Chief.

† The Commander.

Sevastopōl is right ahead,
 From drafts I fear to go to bed,
 Bilge water smells disgusting,
 Bad living and confounded heat,
 We chew the cud, but cannot eat,
 The skipper's nerves distrusting.
 Krimean hills are now in sight,
 No rest have I the live-long night,
 At morn we're off the place,*
 Some ships at anchor, some run out,
 But where the town is plac'd we doubt,
 The fog scarce leaves a trace.

We make a bad land fall, and missing the light,
 Although it's revolving and said to be bright,
 Now "starboard," now "port," take a cast of the
 lead,
 Now "ease her," now "stop her, she's going ahead;"

* Sevastopōl, the principal naval establishment.

“ A back turn, hard a port, the light’s on the bow,
Heave, heave, watch, watch, watch,” what a deuce
of a row,

“ Steady, heave again, quarter less seven,
It deepens, and now we’re in nearly eleven,
The Admiral’s light is right ahead,
I see the pier lay in the lead,
Starboard, go easy, by the anchor stand,
Stand clear, let go, we’re close to land.”

The Black Sea circumnavigated,
I have not in my journal stated,
What colour* it appeared;
Or if instead of Day and Martin,
With jet or sable tinge imparting,
Our boots and shoes we’re smear’d.
With Byron I agree, the Euxine,
Is just as good for one to puke in,
As any other sea,

* I was desired by some of my friends to report on its real colour.

In summer calms 'tis good to steam in,
 In winter it requires good seamen,
 The Russians all agree.

In winter all the squalls are black,
 From black mists they oft lose their track,
 Black thunder storms, and lightning flies,
 And black clouds cover all the skies;
 Dark bodings, dark anxiety,
 Black death, the sad catastrophe,
 Black deeds may too a reason be,
 For calling it the blackest sea;
 When clear, the firmament is blue,
 The sea reflects that colour too.
 But when it overcast is seen,
 The water's dark, and sometimes green.

LAZZARETTO—ODESSA.

Now to the Lazzalett' I go,
 My letters, and my passport show,
 And then relate my story;

March'd up with baggage, Knott* and all,
 Guarded by soldiers fierce and tall,
 Up to the Parlatory.

QUARANTINE.

Surrounded by a motley crew,
 Conducted by a doctor † too,
 With serious air important,
 Who analys'd the measures vague,
 And all the antidotes to plague,
 Anomalies discordant.

He gave me then to understand,
 That all who come from Turkish land,
 Are doom'd to surveillance;
 For forty-two days at the least,
 In quarantine, if man or beast,
 Of pratique not a chance.

* My attendant.

† Mr. Tavey, an Englishman.

But led me then to understand,
 That Russia with lib'ral hand,
 A portion might remit;
 All those inclin'd to undergo,
 The penalty of spolio,
 May have that benefit.

This spolio I find is a matter of smoking,
 Some vote it a nuisance and very provoking,
 But to wave a confinement of twenty-eight days,
 They may smoke me a week in the moon or sun's
 rays.

The susceptible roba was soon separated,
 And the den* with my kit was well decorated,
 I quite set at rest all Russian scruple,
 And show a sound skin, and limbs very supple;
 My wardrobe suspended to smoke and to fry,
 The Consul has sent me some others to try,

* A large iron apartment in which all susceptible apparel, &c.
 is fumigated.

In night gown and slippers, I'm now cap-a-pie,
 So loose that I feel like a prisoner free.
 Is this fumigation? 'tis merely a trick,
 Such brimstone and sulphur must come from Old
 Nick,

When I put on a shirt I feel quite alarm'd,
 Comparing myself to a mummy embalm'd.
 A compound it may be of thunder and lightning,
 It well may be strong, the plague away fright'ning;
 Whenever my versatile pen shall appear,
 Indecently droll, impolitely severe,
 I will not attempt to get up a defence,
 For minus in modesty shows want of sense.
 But a slip of the quill will find an excuse,
 With friends who allowance may make for my muse.
 The Governor General Count Woronzow,
 Calls often the kindest attention to show,
 And Lazaroff* quite as polite too has been,
 And all through his kindness the port I have seen.

* Naval Commander in Chief in the Black Sea.

A shallop, provided with twenty long oars,
 Having guardians, quarantine officers, rowers;
 With union hoisted in style I went round,
 Where music and compliments much did abound.

The Grand Duchess Ellena's * here,
 The Emperor's sister-in-law;
 On Monday she visits Crimea,
 And sails through salutes and éclât.

O Liberty! great is thy price,
 How precious in freedom to roam,
 To gain pratique † here will suffice,
 And then look for freedom at home!

Next Wednesday this prison I leave,
 My long journey west to prepare;
 To me what a blessed reprieve,
 The dust ‡ of Odessa to share.

* The wife of the Archduke Michal, the Emperor's brother.

† Release from quarantine is called "pratique," derived from Italian "prattica."

‡ The dust of Odessa is proverbial. It is as impervious to vision as the most dense fog, and is dangerous.

On Achlechtycheff* I must call,
 Who's chief in command of the town;
 What jaw-breaking names they have all,
 'Tis not easy to spell them I own.

I believe that he read all my letters,
 And thinks in Circassia I've been;
 A trick he has learnt from his betters,
 And therefore he thinks it no sin.

Suspicious, contracted, and mean,
 At perfidy's game they can play,
 In prison or in quarantine
 They'd keep me, if they had their way.

They're jealous of my being here,
 The Consul † informs me to-day;
 We laugh'd at their bodings and fear,
 Which folly and weakness betray.

* A general officer.

† Mr. Yeames is the British Consul General.

This station for quarantine stands on a hill,
 In an old Turkish fortification,
 Two sides of a square little cottages fill,
 Where ennui and doctors are rife in their skill,
 To aggravate mortification.

Director, Inspector, both come in turns to make a
 bow,
 The surgeon,* emerging from other houses in the
 row,
 Comes sneering, says leering "quelques choses
 Monsieur, vous m'ordonnez."
 "Merci, Monsieur." He takes off his hat, and
 slinks away.
 Balunda † must wonder to hear such fulsome com-
 pliment,
 He does all with puzzle, and is our turnkey excel-
 lent.

* An inspector of the lazaretto.

† A Russian serjeant who was placed to guard and attend us.

Il Spenditore* comes before me, and asks if I've
an appetite,

For soup meagre I'm eager, eating, drinking, day
and night.

No more sorrow, we to-morrow pass the barrier at
noon,

And Lazzaroff will send me off, to Nicolaieff very
soon.

A brig like the Pilot I've seen in the port,
The Flora she outsails, and ships of each sort,
How they came by the plan I am not aware,
But they get all our ships by means foul or fair,
And supply diamond rings to Ol-v-r L-ng,
Or snuff-boxes of gold to him and his gang.
It matters but little, for if there be war,
We'll borrow them all, as we have done before.
And if they'll not lend them, we'll take them galore,
And send them new plans to build us some more.

* A purveyor, who supplies all the inmates of the lazaretto with provisions.

PRATIQUE.—LEAVE ODESSA FOR
NICOLAIEFF.

Adieu! quarantine, I have got my discharge,
I'm at liberty now to wander at large;
A carriage procur'd, all my business done,
We're far from Odessa on Friday at one.
We enter the Liman, and pass Ochakoff,
The "Flora" at anchor a league or two off;
On the left are the red buoys, but those which are
white,
And the left bank of Liman, are passed on the right.
The light-house is floating, and on the right hand,
Abreast of an isthmus, a spit of low sand,
From whence in the winter the great Suvaroff,
March'd over the ice, and besieg'd Ochakoff.
Thro' Dnieper and Bug we pass to the Ingul,
In forming the Liman their bright waters mingle.
An orthodox ship, the plan of a parson,*
Who sets her on fire, though guilty of arson,

* Dr. Inman.

The credit might save of this sapient doctor,
 Although he might suffer from lawyer or proctor,
 A mile in a month through mud he may get her,
 And when under sail, they hope she'll go better.

The Adm'ral and his little wife,
 Live a short mile from Nicol'ieff,
 Among some groves of trees ;
 'Mong pleasant walks and avenues,
 She gentle is and a recluse,
 And gay life seldom sees.

Good Lazzaroff no trouble spar'd,
 But took me to the stragg'ling yard,
 Chernoffsky's* ship to see ;
 The twelve Apostles and some more,
 Sloops, frigates, and an eighty-four,
 All fitting out for sea.

* A naval architect educated in England.

I view'd the dock yard, tower, and churches,
 Convers'd with Arkroyd,* Martin,† Burgess,
 Whitworth, and with Shaw;
 I complimented every one,
 On what was doing, what was done,
 Admiring all I saw.

But truth is best, and now I'll show,
 What all in England ought to know,
 What cause they have for fears;
 English steamers, English plans,
 Architects and artizans,
 And English engineers,

The sail-maker, the machinist,
 And many others to assist,
 Stone-masons, English here;
 Nor is there any workmanship,
 In forming engine, dock, or slip,
 Good Russian work 'tis clear.

* An English machinist.

† An English master sail-maker.

SAIL FROM NICOLAIEFF TO THE CRIMEA.

We pass again by Sevastōpol,
Pronounc'd, they say, like Adri'nople.
Great Catharine swore to Constantine,
“ All *oples* in the world be mine,—
“ When thou reign'st in Constantinople,
“ I'll change my name to Catharinople;”
But Palmerston has sarv'd 'em out,
And put such schemers to the route,
French projects well achieved by Thiers,
Glorious in Syria, in Algiers,
Of Eastern policy may boast,
In Egypt, and on Egypt's coast,
Morocco failure, mighty Gauls,
You're not prepared for gusts and squalls,
Proceed with your Parisian walls,
How natural for wicked elves,
To make a trap to catch themselves!

ALOOFKA, SOUTH SIDE OF CRIMEA.

And now Aloofka * Bay we near,
 Coasting the undercliff we steer;
 A pretty work of nature's hand,
 And some part of the coast is grand.
 From what I've seen of the interior,
 I'm led to think it far superior;
 No wonder that the rocky glades,
 Rustic walks and cooling shades,
 With shrubs and rills, a pleasing sight,
 To Russian, Tartar, Muscovite;
 Who dwell in bleak aridity,
 Who's nature's infertility,
 Who've regions without shrub or tree,
 And when from sterile steppes they free'd are,
 They come in bevy's to Taurida,†

* The Governor, General Woronzoff, has built an elegant mansion on this spot.

† A name sometimes given to the Crimea.

To fume and fret and make a fuss,
About defeats in Caucasus.
That Woronzow, with talent, taste,
Should thus his reputation waste,
'Tis nothing but an affectation,
To shew he's of the Russian nation.
Aloofka has a castle fair,
A kind of castle in the air,
An edifice quite built at random,
And has not ground enough to stand on ;
I crave the Countess and Count's pardon,
'Twould make a charming Vauxhall garden.
We land upon the pretty shore,
Then go our quarters to explore ;
The Count and Countess come to greet us,
And very hospitably treat us ;
Hop'd they should find beds enough,
For Consul, me, and Lazzaroff.
She smil'd we thought a little cold,
Perhaps at finding us so old.

He shew'd the rural decoration,
 And all the brilliant preparation ;
 Such labyrinths, such alcoves, bow'rs,
 Small rills, small lakes, and pretty flowers ;
 Natural some, and some created
 By art—to be illuminated.
 Imperial sounds are heard afar.
 The Countess cried out—" Here they are !"
 Tolstoi the Marshall then appears,
 The Chamberlain importance wears,
 And now a group are seen advancing,
 Some on tiptoe, some are dancing ;
 All Archduchesses have toadies,
 Simpering, leering, busy bodies,
 Who fancy all of royal grade,
 With coronets, for them are made.

Enter GRAND DUCHESS.

With air and style of royal blood,
 The peerless Duchess near us stood,
 Her daughter fair beside her ;

A polish'd mien and lively grace,
Harmonic features, handsome face,
Cannot be denied her.

A stranger, I was soon call'd near,
And kindly welcom'd to Crimea,
The Consul too, and Lazzaroff;
Then Count and Countess Mourontzoff,
Gallitzin, who of old Pototzki
Walk'd all the night with Krimkōnoski,
Tortuous mazes varied were,
With dazzling figures each parterre,
Nor is the firmament more bright,
Than was Aloofka on that night.
In fairy temple tea is served,
The Duchess only unreserved,
Excepting the self-chosen band,
The visitors at distance stand,
A sprig of Royalty in Russe,
Is sure to make a monstrous fuss.

Now promenading, dancing, singing,
 Waltzing, galloping, swinging,
 That Madame Olga call'd Nariskin,
 Was with her little daughter frisking,
 Her reputation too much risking;
 Addicted ever to intrigue,
 Styl'd of the self-created league;
 Convinc'd of this I cannot cloak her,
 Besides, she's a tobacco smoker.
 How attractive, how charming, this Olga appears,
 When she blows off the steam, thro' her nose and
 her ears,
 But whether accomplish'd Nariskin or Olga,
 She belongs to a school most decidedly vulgar.
 With boots and spurs see Krimkōnoski,*
 Dos à dos with Radewiski;
 The Duchess's movements unrelaxing,
 The Princess† waltzes with Apraxin.

* An officer and a connoisseur guilty of intrigue.

† Daughter of the Grand Duchess.

The supper is serv'd—all again quite reserv'd,
 At a distance are all but the few;
 The crowd thinner grows, they seek their repose,
 And bid the Grand Duchess adieu.
 When the next morn begins to dawn,
 My equipage is ready,
 I survey well the beauties all,
 Of Orianda great* and small,†
 To please th' imperial lady.
 Now Livadia,‡ then Massandra,§
 Delightful place for any wand'rer,
 A farm of Woronzow,
 His vineyards give him Champagne wine,
 I'd build my house there if 'twas mine,
 For there is room enough.

* Great Orianda is a charming spot belonging to the Empress of Russia, on the South shore of the Krimea.

† Little Orianda, an equally pretty spot, belonging to the Grand Duchess Ellena.

‡ A fine view of Yalta from a tolerable house belonging to Count Leon Pototzki.

§ A fine estate belonging to Woronzoff.

Yalta* is a pretty bay,
 In going home we pass'd that way,
 To dine with the grandees,
 The amiable Duchess shows,
 How well she highest breeding knows,
 And well knows how to please.
 Retiring then with lively grace,
 A stupid ennui now takes place,
 Now all attraction's gone;
 The vacant crowd more stupid are,
 At one another how they stare,
 At being left alone. [Exit DUCHESS.]

Nariskin raises one more cloud,
 Before she mixes with the crowd,
 Retiring with her daughter,
 Thrice blessed is her happy sposo,
 He's absent, all the world suppose so,
 Because he's caught a Tartar.

* A pretty bay on the South coast, where wine is exported from the Krimea, a fine wooded picturesque valley runs up to the Northward from it, and it contains many pretty residences.

The Tartar natives of Krimea,
 A race superior appear,
 To Russian serfs and slaves,
 Miss Moffat * says in feature, face,
 They're certainly a handsome race,
 But slavery makes knaves.
 A Mirza once a great grandee,
 Amongst the chiefs of Tartary,
 Was present at this party,
 A dignified ecclesiastic,
 No wrinkles in his dress elastic,
 A Mullah fat and hearty :
 We said our say, and sought repose,
 Alas! we had to sleep with those
 Who let no mortal rest;
 Distending leeches deem it good,
 To tap us nightly for their food,
 And gloat and gorge on English blood,
 Because a fresh tap's best.

* The Countess' governess.

On Wednesday early as the dawn,
We leave the house and cross the lawn,
Hastening to embark;
And Sevastōpol reached so soon,
That much was seen that afternoon,
And more before 'twas dark.

SEVASTŌPOL.

On Wednesday morn we make excursion,
Much for the Admiral's diversion,
To see canal and bends,
To see the reservoirs and tunnel,
Which in prospective is not done ill,
But much on luck depends.
To fill the docks, and basin too,
This stream is carried twelve miles thro',
A tortuous doubtful vale;
Beneath it an extensive plain,
Which might be turned to herb, and grain,
And soon become a fertile dale.

We eat our lunch in Tartar Khan
 Surrounded by the haunts of man,
 New Zealand huts are better,
 Some sticks, some clay, a hole in roof,
 Jack Straw's house was more weather proof,
 In all respects was better.
 Now back to Avinoff's to dine,
 Who much to England does incline,
 From serving in her fleet;
 Colonel Upton,* Chestikoff,†
 'Mong many Captains Caniloff,
 Were also ask'd to meet.
 Profusely garnish'd was the table,
 The host and hostess amiable,
 And were extremely hospitable;
 The Flora's Captain Istomin ‡
 Most carefully was plac'd between,
 The Consul General and me;

* An English engineer employed on basins, docks, slips and buildings.

† Rear Admiral commanding the Squadron going against Circassia.

‡ About to be sent to England for improvements.

The lady of the house so kind,

I almost left my heart behind,

When we went out to sea.

At midnight we've the lights in one,

My work at the Crimea done,

I'll say a word or two,

'Bout ships, docks, basin, slip and fort,

And other works about the port,

Which Upton has to do.

The port's Valetta magnified,

An ample road-sted where may ride,

A large fleet quite secure,

The inlets large, and land lock'd are,

For ships to refit, and repair,

The holding ground is sure.

REMARKS AND STRICTURES.

But what they want is space on shore,

And must move mountains to get more,

To gain a level site,

For wharves, for magazines, and sheers,

Workshops for joiners, engineers,

At a convenient height.

Huge forts, and barracks, rising here,

The first are weakly built I hear,

Tho' wond'rous strong they look,

The basin, and the docks are forming,

They're working at them night, and morning;

But I can't overlook,

The ships which interest me more,

Than what is going on ashore,

Of what I have to see,

Six liners in the road are moor'd,

Some of which I've been on board,

Prepar'd to go to sea.

One first rate, and five class the second,

Are all the large ships to be reckoned,

At present fit for service;

Five others in the port they've got,

With broken backs and the dry rot,

Most easy to observe:

The Warsaw lays in rotten row,
 Four eighties, those diseases show,
 As they themselves did own,
 They cannot give a ship repair,
 When suffering from wear, and tear,
 Except they heave her down.
 Short lives have ev'ry Russian ship,
 Quite gone when eight years off the slip,
 What ruin to a nation,
 In what they say there is some sense,
 They only suffer first expense,
 And take the newest fashion.
 They now adopt great breadth of beam,
 And indispensable it deem,
 Adopting it with spirit;
 The "Twelve Apostles" very broad,
 And all the Amatore's laud
 That, as her greatest merit.
 They say that the Sisopolis,
 Exactly on my system is,
 Well form'd, with good proportion,

Unlike the Doctor's spurious breed,

Which failures all are, 'tis agreed,

Scientifical distortion,

The Reverend Gent's abortion.

Although to hand, to reef, and steer,

'Tis thus, thus, thus, and come no near

In storms and change of weather,

Their masts I swear stand better far,

Than our's do in peace or war,

And all stand well together.

A system somewhere they have found,

In principle, and practice sound,

They very much excel us;

These Muscovites a knack have got,

To find what's right, and what is not,

A plodding set of fellows.

The plumb line is the secret grand,

To make the masts like arrows stand,

But ne'er the wedges start,

With three alternate pulls essay,

Commence with shroud, and then with stay,

To make them like a dart.

When first you get the tackles forward,
And inches on the plumb line borrow'd,

Place eyes, and taughten shrouds,
Your plumb comes then abaft the line,
Which makes the head abaft incline,
To cripple not allow'd.

Reeve lanyards full and now a pull,
Of tackles and of stays,
Then watch the plumb, nor forward come,
Beyond the first essay:

Another pull, but not for full,
The plumb comes aft again.

Nothing can be quite done well,
Unless you take some trouble,
But when a thing is once done well,
You save that trouble double;
Double, double toil and trouble,
Your rigging right, the sea may bubble.
It always sets my teeth on edge,
To see a lubber lift a wedge,

A lanyard have to ev'ry stay,
And then in storm you safely may
Take in the slack when needful;
But if you reeve your stay, and seize,
You're quite unfit to meet a breeze,
A seaman's always heedful.
My monitors were Hardy, Strachan,
No better sailors e'er were born,
I've had a little practice;
But I prefer such tars to quote,
Than what opines myself to note,
In reas'ning what the fact is.
Then hasten lads your masts to plumb,
To show where mark on deck would come,
And then let go the strings;
You'll find that if not crippled yet,
How much abaft that mark 'twould get,
When straight the mast it brings.
The merchant service never touch,
The wedges, or ev'n dream of such,
The captain's often owner;

The olden masters, boatswains too,
Would ne'er have serv'd the poor sticks so,
 Bung starters, masters grown are.

But with a friend I quite agree,
That fishes still are in the sea,
 As good as e'er came out o't,
Experience is all they need,
To bring about the good old breed,
 And so no more about it.

While travelling in Germany,
My mind is turn'd to thee, oh sea!
 To seamanship and shipping:
Straight leeches now are done away,
May he the cause I warmly pray,
 Be caught when he is tripping.

That person oft call'd "never right,"
Who went for conquest, not to fight,
Who play'd a diplomatic part,
And fortunately graz'd his heart;

In modesty he's quite a failure,
 He never yet was deem'd a sailor :
 Enough of any thing's a feast,
 Conceited people do the least.
 Although the Colchis* must be blind,
 On Friday we Odessa find,
 Our land-fall is not comme il faut,
 Which the good Admiral seems to know.
 Although attributed to haze,
 A want of something it betrays,
 And like their sounding in the dark,
 Requiring light to read the mark ;
 On points of practice they must fail,
 At anchor, or if under sail,
 Manœuv'ring, if in calm or gale.

LAZAROFF.

The meed of praise is justly due,
 Most excellent Admiral to you,

* A Russian man of war steamer.

All your kind hospitality,
 Creates strong gratitude in me,
 Such kindness and such courtesy,
 Can never be repaid by me.
 And much indeed I ought to say,
 Of the unprecedented way,
 In which facilities were granted,
 Of steam-boats to see all I wanted;
 Convey'd about in princely style,
 Coals expending all the while.
 Many hundred miles in short,
 To view the ships from port to port;
 The Count leads me to understand,
 'Twas by the Emperor's command.

DEPARTURE.

And now away o'er Steppes I fly,
 Through clouds of dust, a cloudless sky,
 With fiery steeds quite wild;
 Pass waggons, carts, and various herds,
 Man, beast, and some most curious birds,
 The evening calm and mild.

THE STEPPES IN BESSARABIA.

The Russian Steppes, a boundless plain,
You may compare it with the main;
No sea more even or more vast,
In sky serene or overcast,
The endless surface most surprises,
When the sun sets, and when it rises;
Unchanging verdure sameness shows,
Where'er the weary traveller goes.
He's lost in listless apathy,
His wonder is not ecstasy.
The wild herds bellow, neigh and bleat,
Surpris'd a human form to meet,
Fearing the traveller may need,
His services, the wily steed
Rears proudly, prances off with speed.
The trackless desert is unvaried,
And not more desolate than arid;
On Steppes whene'er the weather's dry,
With such wild steeds you seem to fly,

But when there's hail, or rain, or snow,
 His road is difficult and slow:
 In frost he lightly seems to fly,
 A meteor 'twixt earth and sky.

I think the whole of Bessarabia,
 The foot of the Carpathian may be;
 So undulating and uneven,
 I was most fiercely o'er it driven.

GALLICIA.

On Monday reaching Tchernowitza,
 The frontier station of Galicia,
 Was cheated well by Mr. Kuisch,
 As any traveller could wish.
 So far had I been such a flyer,
 That friction set my wheels on fire.
 At Lemberg first my speed decreases,
 My fore-wheels shatter'd, fall to pieces,
 I bless my stars that there arrived,
 Before I was of them depriv'd;

A coach builder is in request,
Who promises to do his best.
On Thursday night I'm once more free,
New wheels well smear'd, all cap-a-pie;
The hours daily I am counting,
Still side-long tracing the fine mountain.

LITTLE POLAND.

Now rise sad Cracow's clust'ring towers,
Protected by the three great powers;
Once powerful, she bade defiance,
To such a devilish alliance,
Decay'd, now ghastly, desecrated,
Lifeless, gloomy, and ill-fated.
Deserted, curs'd, and lost to fame,
Despoil'd of every thing but name,
Sepulchral stillness dwells around,
Despair, and want is only found.

CRACOW.

Tombs, monuments, and mould'ring walls,
Once palaces, and splendid halls.

Poor stricken Poles, sad is thy fate!

Sad, sad indeed thy fallen state,

And reckless are thy foes;

But patience be your motto, wait,

And even justice soon, or late,

Will soften Poland's woes.

Injustice, tyranny, and hate,

Require time to dissipate,

For retribution's slow;

Be firm, be patient, and unite,

Await that fav'ring moment bright,

Propitious fate will show.

Thy friends are many, brave, and true,

Who keep thy helpless state in view,

Until that moment shines,

Till caution marks that genial hour,
 To crush despotic, tyrant power,
 Till friends unite, and staunchly join;
 Till friends with powerful force combine,
 To settle freedom's rights divine,
 They'll find it not in vain to try,
 To get the whole world's sympathy.

JOURNEY BY MORAVIA, AUSTRIA, BAVARIA,
 TO THE RHINE.

My Stunden * pass I now renew,
 And then Moravia passing thro',
 By Olmütz fortress grand,
 O'er Austerlitz and Wagram's plains,
 Sad scenes of Bonapart's campaigns,
 An interesting land.
 By Brünn, Vienna, Linz, then enter,
 At midnight the Bavarian frontier,
 Where ev'ry traveller swears,

* An excellent mode of posting in the Austrian dominions, for expedition and facility.

Postillion, horses, and post master,
 No bribery will make them faster,
 Full oft they've had my prayers.
 The lazy mortals are so slow,
 That, by the Danube I would go,
 If e'er I pass this way;
 At Nüremberg, at Ratisbon,
 At Würtzburg all such torpor shun,
 And to avert delay.
 At length on Frankfort I advance,
 And soon by rail-road to Mayence,
 To get upon the Rhine;
 To Bonn, and after passing Cologne,
 The stream grows tiresome, and too long,
 Dykes, swamps of Dutch design.

HOLLAND—RETURN TO ENGLAND.

And now I must my bet record,
 With pretty little Fanny Forde,
 Who'll not be long a spinster,

Now to the Hague from Rotterdam,
 To prove that I an uncle am,
 Of which Dutch friends convinc'd are.

Embark, arrive in the Giraffe,
 At all past difficulties laugh,
 At noon on Thursday free'd;

I find an alteration strange
 In lords and masters, what a change,
 A wond'rous change indeed!

Good bye rock * scorpions, smaitch,† addio,
 Good bye, I ne'er again may see you,
 Treach'rous Greek, confiding Turk,
 Too much a fatalist to work;
 Russian serf, Crimean Tartar,
 To Russian conquest now a martyr,
 Fight on Circassians, persevering,
 Beware of stratagems ensnaring,
 All bribe, and treach'ry always fearing.

* The inhabitants of Gibraltar are called so.

† The inhabitants of Malta.

FAREWELL.

Ye sons of Georgia too this cause embrace,
And prop "the Cradle* of the human race!"
Rouse, starving squalid sons of Poland,
Regain your freedom! or have no land.
You've nothing now but land to lose,
Worse treated than blaspheming Jews;
Who swarm, and hive, and lay in store,
O'er Germany, and Russia o'er.
My journey home you'll find in Murray,
For I must leave you in a hurry:
'Tis neither modesty nor shyness,
Which causes so abrupt a FINIS.

* Some author calls Circassia by that term.

PRELUDE TO THIRD JOURNEY.

HER MAJESTY SAILS FROM SOUTHAMPTON IN THE
ROYAL YACHT.

The British Queen's gone on a cruise,
To look at her dominions,
Herself, and Albert to amuse,
To gratify whole millions.
From Hampton o'er to Cowes she flies,
To Spithead, and to Ryde, sir;
And then around the Wight she plies,
With Albert side by side, sir.
To Weymouth then she wings her way,
The steam fleet far behind her,
To sleep there, and all night to stay,
At anchor snug they find her;
Around West Bay, to Dartmouth moves,
With int'rest, and with pleasure,
They view the castle, hills and groves
With joy beyond all measure.

Now to the west she steams away,
 Past Start, and Bolt, and Salcombe Bay,
 Then by the Eddystone.
 The Mew-stone, Breakwater, and Sound,
 The ships saluting all around,
 Now into Barnpool gone.

PLYMOUTH.

Boats thick in clusters round the yacht,
 Some see the Queen, and some do not,
 And some return to shore, sir ;
 The Heads, Chiefs, Dons now make their bow
 To Albert's lovely Royal Frow,
 And I am sent before her.
 With condescending, charming grace,
 Transcendent, mild, expressive face,
 She waves me to her side ; *
 She then extols with praises warm,
 How much my ears her praises charm
 Me, cannot be denied.

* Alluding to the Victoria and Albert Royal Yacht, which had been built, decorated, and prepared for Her Majesty in seven months, from the time she was ordered to be built, under very difficult circumstances.

“ No noise, no motion, and so fast,
 “ So clean, she’s not to be surpass’d,
 “ Sir William, much we’re pleas’d ; ”
 The Prince, Lord Liverpool, and more,
 All sung her praises o’er and o’er,
 And all my fears appeas’d.

Without much fuss, or intercession,
 Through all the towns she makes procession,
 Mount Edgcumbe visits too ;
 Her courtesy, and winning grace,
 Threw pleasure into ev’ry face,
 And cheers from thousands drew.

FALMOUTH.

On Friday morn the visit’s o’er,
 At nine o’clock she leaves the shore,
 And soon is out of sight.
 Falmouth receives the Royal Guest,
 There snug in port she’ll smoothly rest,
 And pass a tranquil night.

FRANCE.

Across to Cherbourg safe on Sunday,
With Louis Phillipe lands on Monday,
'Midst Gallia's cannon's roar,
A novel sight when England's Queen,
Is in the arms of Frenchmen seen,
Who ev'ry honor shew her.

The fruitless Session pass'd away,
I fly to town, but not to stay,
Get up arrears, prepare,
The First Lord and old M-g-g going,
For many weeks but little doing,
Behind I'll leave dull care.

FAREWELL.

Adieu ye dark, and dismal scenes,
Adieu the games of Kings and Queens,
Adieu official cares in London,
Adieu to matters done, and undone,

Farewell corruption, farewell vice,
 Where ev'ry courtier has his price ;
 Adieu discourteous, and invidious,
 Adieu imperious, and insidious,
 Adieu to Vaux, adieu to Br--gh-m,
 Who joins each party to undo 'em ;
 Adieu to Punch, adieu to H. B.,
 Who both his Lordship's merits see ;
 Adieu to Boz, to Phiz, and Dickens,
 And all of those who have their pickings ;
 Adieu to Wellington the great,
 Who gave to Buonaparte check-mate ;
 Adieu to despots overbearing,
 To tyranny, and foes unsparing,
 To servile flunkies despots serving,
 The meritorious, th' undeserving,
 The M-rn-ng Herald, and the clique,
 Encouraged villainy to speak,
 And speciously t' attack the weak ;
 Mechanics, lightning conductors,
 Nameless scoundrels, mad instructors,

Anonymous, and lying asses,
 Whose logic sooth for science passes ;
 Adieu to Rad., to Whig and Tory,
 To politicians young and hoary,—
 Parties which cause the country's ruin,
 England's welfare fast undoing,
 Their merits I've no time to scan,
 Good bye to them—adieu to Dan.

DEPARTURE.

EMBARK FROM LONDON.

With Tom and Jemmy to Antwerpen,
 Such weather makes one's passage certain,
 We land on Belgian shore,
 Pass Mechlin, Liege, and then to Cologne,
 Tho' o'er a sluggish rail-road rolling
 As ne'er was seen before.

THE RHINE.

On Rhine embark'd with crowds immense,
 Ascend on Tuesday to Coblentz,
 To Obersworth * we send.

* The residence of Lieut. Symonds, Roy. Engineers.

Antonio comes with smiling face,
 To shew the beauties of the place,
 And all his service lend.

To Stolzenfels, and Ehrenbreitstein,
 The environs, and all the sights seen,
 On Thursday move again,
 With Anthony, and his fat friend,
 Up to Mayence we then ascend.

Prince Furstenberg, and train,
 Mr. Ritter,* Antonini,
 Princess, Prince, and Principini,

All the beauties view;
 A chattering, smoking, joyous party,
 Both Tom, and I are blythe, and hearty,
 Pleas'd with objects new.

Adieu to Ritter, farewell Tony,
 Who's off for Manheim with his crony,
 While we to Frankfort steer.

There carriage, money, prog provide,
 And early through Hesse d'Armstadt glide,
 The Bergstrasse passing near.

* Lieut. Symonds' friend of the Prussian Engineers.

HESSE D'ARMSTADT.

Picturesque, luxuriant, charming,
Successful too the style of farming,
The roads are straight, and good,
The plains with richest crops abound,
With castles all the hills are crown'd,
And cover'd well with wood.
No pen can ample justice do,
When Heidleberg comes first in view,
The Neckar gliding by,
Dashing o'er rocks so clear, so bright,
The castle on a splendid site,
All form'd to charm the eye.
The outline of the hill so fine,
Trees, hills, with light, and shade combine,
To fill one with delight.
Reckless France, destructive war,
Decided on thy fallen star,
In ruin still thou'rt bright.

Sad, sad effect of rapine, pillage,
In ev'ry town, in ev'ry village,
Storm, destruction, ravage, plunder,
The mind disgusted thrills with wonder.

BAVARIA.

Through Stutgardt, Ulm, at Augsburg rest,
By rail we Munich reach, refresh'd.

MUNICH.

We go to view the Clyptotek,
The gardens and the Pin'cotek,
To see the Palace, Mr. Orme,
Bavarian beauties round us swarm.
Much of the taste is good I own,
'Twere better all were left alone,
A spendthrift king's a nation's ruin,
One can't admire what he's doing,
Although he's guilty of much waste,
He surely is a man of taste.

Railroads, canals, although expensive,
 Would soon repay him if extensive;
 His subjects, if I am correct,
 To such a scheme could not object,
 Like Berlin, on a plain of sand,
 Imposing certainly, and grand,
 Houses detach'd are mostly seen,
 Like Russian few, and far between,
 In Munich; now 'tis time to go,
 For travelling here is very slow.

Uninteresting is our course,
 The road, and drivers worse and worse,
 At length a change is near.

The Alpine mountains capp'd with snow,
 Their altitudes begin to shew,

The moon shines bright, and clear,
 The torrents now are rust'ling by,
 O'er precipices steep, and high,

We mount, and then descend,
 The banks of Rochell Lake we trace,
 Reflected on its glassy face,

Pine forests far extend:

Now through a rugged pass is seen,
 The noble valley of the Inn,
 The river dashing through;
 At length at Zirl, the plain is grand,
 We pass quite near St. Martin's wand,
 The cross upon it too,
 Where Maximilian lost his way,
 And on the brink suspended lay,
 Until a rescue came.

INSBRUCK.

To Inspruck, and at Golden Sun,
 We join the table d'hôte at one,
 And hear of Hoffer's fame.
 Dense clouds now cover all around,
 Lightning's gleam, and thunder's sound,
 And stormy breezes blow,
 'Midst dust, and rain we once more climb,
 The hills, in search of the sublime,
 And o'er the Brenner go:

THE BRENNER.

The furious Eisach * shows the way,
 The moon reflected on it's spray,
 The mountains fast recede.

THE EISACH.

The road, and river 'side by side,
 Through this defile together glide,
 And down the valley speed.

TYROL.

The sun now rises on the scene,
 The river turbulent between,
 The rugged rocky vale ;

* The River Eisach is well described in the following lines:—

“ Oh! could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
 My bright example, as it is my theme,
 Tho' deep yet clear, tho' gentle yet not dull,
 Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.”

D-NH-M.

Rich valleys join at Bussanone,
 Some rich and verdant, some are stony,
 Matchless dell, and matchless dale.

Trav'lers too oft exaggerate,
 In what they in their journals state,
 Of what is seen abroad,

Poets like Moore too prone to praise
 Their native scenes in early days,
 And much too apt to laud.

Had he seen the Eisach, had he trac'd it's course,
 To Botzen, and Trent, and from thence to it's source,
 His song of the Tyrol would loud sound with praise,
 And ne'er could have ventured Avoca to raise.

I'll venture a change in his lines to propose,
 And instead of "Avoca" to substitute those:
 In all the wide world there's no valley so sweet,
 As that where the Eisach and Adige meet.

Tortuous, varied, rich, inviting,
 Each op'ning turn is more delighting;
 Now contracted, now extending,
 Rocky crag, o'er crag impending,

Fruits delicious, fig and vine,
 In festoons all the trees entwine;
 Melons, maize, con molte mori,
 Walnuts, olives, pomme d'oré,
 All the night we're sleeping, yawning,
 And reach Verona in the morning.

VERONA.

Here Wellington, and Castlereagh,
 In congress sat: and some folks say,
 A compact made so full of folly,
 To bring about alliance holy,
 Which sacrific'd our hard won trophies,
 Our best possessions lost, a proof is,
 To be more liberal, than just,
 Most surely is a breach of trust.
 The Amphitheatre we view,
 The bridge of Castelvecchio too,
 Write letters tho' we none receive,
 Refreshment take, then take our leave.

MANTUA.

In Mantua we're kept awhile,
By varlets indolent and vile,
The Duke should give such rogues a dressing,
He well deserves our hearty blessing.

MODENA.

Through Modena we post all night,
And see the mountains with delight.

BOLOGNA.

Enter Bologna from the plain
Of Lombardy, to rise again;
The Pope we hear is most uncivil,
And has a disposition evil,
To strangers of whatever nation,
No matter who, or what their station.
Some lazy fellows call'd Birbante,
Perhaps a hundred, tanti quanti;
We saw them capture about twenty
Miserable insurgente.

His holiness is full of tricks,
 And hopes to burn some heretics;
 Some monied Jew has the direction,
 And moves the well plann'd insurrection.

FLORENCE.

Sweet Florence, as my niece will have it,
 The Arno is too dry to lave it,
 The Appenines, where spring the fountains,
 Are now alas! dry sun-burnt mountains.
 The hills, and vales of Tuscany,
 Where English ladies like to be,
 Were dusty, sultry, barren, arid,
 A mountain scene, tame, and unvaried,
 At Schneider's worn out house we tarried.
 The opera extraordinary,
 Very shortly made us weary,
 On Saturday at embassy,
 Din'd with the Holland's, Tom and me,
 Young Erskine and a Mrs. Light,
 And many others came at night;

'Mong those my lady's soirée brought,
 Some Florentines, and some were not.
 On Sunday future plans contriv'd,
 Contractor Grant, and Elwes arriv'd,
 And Sunday duties done;

APPENINES.

With Semiano, Furnatori,
 And a fine long day before me,
 Though scorching hot the sun.
 To find the wood in the interior,
 No timber in the world superior,
 Boscone on our track;
 'Midst dale, and dell, o'er hill, and glade,
 We cross the plain, and find the shade,
 And stay to bivouac.
 We cull the foliage, fell the tree,
 And find a great variety,
 In quality, and curve,
 Detach'd in hedge rows here, and there,
 Here a trio, there a pair,
 Which well the purpose serve.

To Borg' Lorenzo then repair,
Return at night to Florence fair,
 To seek repose, and rest;
Next day to Valombrosa go,
On horses mount at Pelago,
 Which suit the mountains best.
O'er shady roads, and wilderness,
Fantastic groves the mountains dress,
 A labyrinth we trace,
O'er slippery roads, and precipices,
Unmindful of the steep abysses,
 From summit, to the base.

TUSCANY.

The Tuscan government is good,
Improvement too is understood,
 Thanks to the noble Medici,
By whom foundation strong was made,
For art's encouragement, and trade,
 And also liberality.

FLORENCE.

Collections beautiful and rare,
Cathedral, palace, gardens fair,
 'Midst sculptures vast design;
The works of masters celebrated,
All profusely decorated,
 Unfinished though so fine,
Was much more pleased with Palace Pitti,
Than any building in the city,
 Because of its proportion,
Its symmetry, and style so plain,
Again I view'd it and again,
 And studied it with caution.

REFLECTION.

'Tis said forsooth that Mr. Barry,
This plan to Pall Mall try'd to carry,
 And raise an imitation,
But to our folly, and bad taste,
Our failures, and a wilful waste,
 There is no limitation.

The wanton Thames, and bridge destruction,
 By parli'mentary obstruction,
 Is only equall'd by the pillar;
 To Nelson, and that folly huge,
 For pictures, as a subterfuge
 To squander John Bull's siller.
 Reform your clubs, reform your city,
 Build clubs as handsome as the Pitti,
 But don't Italian taste defile,
 Or do an outrage to its style.

PISA.

To Pisa with its tow'r inclining,
 The Duomo, and the Arno shining,
 The Campo Santo too,
 The best Albergo, call'd Hussardo,
 The host obliging Peverado,
 To whom our thanks are due.
 The next morn drive to the Cascine,
 A shabby park as e'er was seen,
 All sandy, with no trees.

With Elwes to Leghorn then we go,
 Where vessels make a goodly show,
 Inspect the timber there;
 Dine with the Grant's, and pass the night
 At Pisa; but before 'tis light
 For Genoa repair.

Altho' by sea it is much nearer,
 Than Strada della Riviera,
 We pass by Massa, then Carrara,
 No country in the world is fairer;
 Along the sea-girt shore we post,
 And round the gulph of Spezzia coast.

CARRARA.

Marble quarries virgin white,
 By setting sun reflected bright,
 O'er shining gulph the prospect smiles,
 The varied coast, the distant isles,
 Sup at Borghetto ere 'tis night,
 At Bracco see revolving light;
 When twilight glimmers o'er the steep,
 At Genoa we get a peep.

GENOA.

An amphitheatre quite vast,
A view which cannot be surpass'd.
At Malta cross we find good fare,
Well pleas'd to be so safely there,
Count Pollon's letter sent away,
De Viry sends without delay,
Most promptly offers all his aid,
And courteously, without parade,
Preceded by his aide du camp,
He came to visit me and Tom.
His boat and carriage warmly offer'd,
Unceasing kindness to us proffer'd,
We drove around the town, and row'd
To where the naval timber's stow'd,
Then view'd the port where vessels may,
Balanza's and polacca's lay.
Scampavias, zebecks and settees,
Riding off and near the jetties,
Examin'd mole and arsenale,
Ships of war and the Fanale;

La Pischiera, and Durazzo,
 Andrea Doria's fine Palazzo,
 Novissima, and Nova Strada,
 Where houses all of marble made are,
 Gardens luxuriant, and sunny,
 Oleander's, belle donne.

On Sunday met a pleasant party,
 Host and hostess very hearty,
 De Viry's sister, Mrs. Beauman,
 Is certainly a pleasant woman,
 The Count, and Countess most polite,
 Went to the opera each night.

On leaving Genoa I own,
 There's little due to Consul Brown,
 Consuls too frequently are shy,
 Of countrymen when passing by,
 Except when they your passport visée,
 Then always dun you for a tizzy.

JOURNEY TO MILANO.

Through Appenines again we wind,
And Tortona at sunset find,
We pass the bridge of boats o'er Po,
And in the night through Pavia go,
Then cross Ticino scarcely knowing,
If over land or water going.
Gaping, nodding, winking, yawning,
Rest disturb'd from night, 'till morning,
At Milano, find Milan ese,
With no one constant work agrees;
Of many inns we get the worst,
No room in second, or in first,
Another Malta cross we find,
Such crosses don't disturb the mind,
Though filthy waiters, matted rooms,
Economise both soap, and brooms.

And now having fed, we are sight seeing led;
Resolv'd round the city to roam,
Not dreaming of what may soon be our lot,
We enter the beautiful dome;
From the roof, and the spire, the view we admire,
The fine gothic edifice too,
The Waverley party we find very hearty,
Who also ascend for the view.
At Hotel de Ville,
More comfort we feel,
We drive with the fair Marianne,
Tom, and Laura beside her,
Their brother outrider,
To see all the sights that we can.
And now I must note,
The good table d'hote,
Where John Bull may dine very well,
And the various kinds
Of people one finds,
Mix'd with English folks at this hotel.

At Fantocini, what a farce,
 Some hours at La Scala pass,
 And then we say adieu ;
 At midnight on the road again,
 Determin'd nowhere to remain,
 Beyond a day, or two.

SIMPLON.

The charming lakes we pass, and then
 Begin to mount the Alps again,
 And sleep upon its height ;
 We move again before the dawn,
 A cold, a cloudy, snowy morn,
 Descending when 'tis light.

LE VALAIS.

Now we down Le Valais wind,
 And late St. Maurice leave behind,
 At Bex rejoic'd to sleep ;
 Altho' at Vevay vilely cheated,
 By lying varlets basely treated,
 We'll at the Canton peep.

CHANGIN.^S *emitted*

Approaching what an uproar made is,
Among the servants, and the ladies,

To give us welcome greeting,
The older, and the younger Countess,
Are kind, and lib'ral of their bounties,

When in the Chateau meeting.

We often to Geneva go,
On Saturday, and Monday too,

With Aleck for our guide;
Still bright, and clear the Rhone runs through,
Transparent still, and still quite blue,

We westward see it glide.

In various drives we Mont Blanc view,
And see its bright reflection too,

Upon the beauteous lake,
St. Saphorin and to Aubonne.

We go and see the setting sun,
And many visits make.

SWITZERLAND.

Dine with "Glum Glum"* and her mate,
Rejoice to see her happy state,
Her pretty children too;
Call on a colonel nam'd Senarclens,
Admire much his Chateau Vufflens,
And much enjoy its view.

On Thursday morn Tom moves away,
With Lady S. for Normandie,
And I prepare for France;
On Friday said to friends adieu,
To enter on proceedings new,
Within a diligence.

THE JURA.

O'er the Jura now we speed,
Lake, and Mont Blanc fast recede,

* My niece.

The summit, gain'd a splendid view,
 Of mountain, lake, and country too,
 To search the baggage at Les Rousses,
 The Crappeaux make a noisy fuss.

JOURNEY TO PARIS.

A passport's gain'd, but not for thanks,
 At Morez, where they charge two francs,
 All foreigners together pull,
 To cheat, annoy, and plague John Bull;
 In street at Dole we pass the night,
 Our carriage chang'd, but not our plight,
 Off goes the rumbling equipage,
 Majestic, slow, from stage to stage.

Two nights I've been upon the road,
 The diligence my sole abode,
 The coupée my apartment;
 A Spaniard born in Mexico,
 At Dole displeasure seem'd to show,
 When to another part sent.

Intelligent, had travell'd far,
Said he'd been minister at war,
His knowledge seem'd superior;
But now he's doom'd to change his place,
To take the seals with patient grace,
As minister of th' interior.
Among the passengers within,
A count, and one who keeps an inn,
All serv'd at dinner to amuse;
And in the coupée rode with me,
The son of a French député,
An aspirant to be a Mousse.
Horses like maggots, fat, and slow,
Five miles an hour seldom go,
The drivers are much slower;
Prancing, snorting, slipping, neighing,
Symptoms of restlessness betraying,
One never sees a goer.
Conductors rude, and often savage,
Treating the voyageurs like baggage,
They swagger, and they swear;

Smoking old pipes, and spitting too,

Sacre tonnerre, and sacre bleu,

And sacre pomme de terre.

Twice each day we drink, and eat,

At table d'hôte a greasy treat,

And serv'd with some wine;

Potàge, bouilli, volaille, cotelets,

Rôti, poisson, pâtés, omelets,

A mixture I decline.

The roads passàblement bien,

Stiff rows of poplars o'er them hang,

Excepting Jura pass;

Where engineers have well succeeded,

To make good roads, devoutly needed,

Which few roads can surpass.

The Swiss have done their duty well,

And all the French roads they excel,

From Switzerland, to Paris;

They're soft when wet, and hard when dry,

Rough pav'd, as Paris you draw nigh,

A right good road quite rare is.

Few parts of France can be selected,
Remote from Paris, not neglected,
 No ornament, no taste;
Few trees of goodly size are seen,
Like angel's visits, far between,
 Land unenclos'd, and waste.

Great want of neatness all pervades,
Through ev'ry circle, all the grades,
 In village, town, and city;
The beaux of Jeune France whisker'd are,
The belles are not surpassing fair,
 And very few are pretty.

We now advance to Chatelet,
And very nearly are upset,
 One of the springs give way,
Ma foi, the insides all turn out,
Ye gods! how all the crappeaux shout,
 What cries, and what dismay.

The pond'rous stage inclining lay,
Much like a falling stack of hay,
Wheels all proportionate;
Trunks, bales, and chests beyond all counting,
So high it seem'd a moving mountain,
A mountain, too, in weight.

Jack-screws, wedges, ropes, and levers,
Pincers, hammers, setters, heavers,
Are try'd with might, and main;
At length the damage ascertain'd,
The rough-pav'd highway now regain'd,
We upright move again.

By Melun, now the Barrier pass'd,
We're rolling by the Seine at last,
Pont Neuf we cross at eight;
At Notre Dame des Victoires now,
Confusion, cheated, what a row,
I reach my hotel late.

PARIS.

Paris, Frenchmen's boast and pride,
Has beauties which can't be denied,
Has many buildings, splendid, rare,
Blue sky, no smoke, and purest air,
Has galleries, and large collections,
Some choice, some are not choice selections;
A temple gorgeous built, to face
The north of fifteenth Louis' place,
Is now into a church converted,
A profanation, taste perverted :
La Place de Concorde designated,
A place of concord desecrated,
To murder'd martyrs consecrated.
Triumphal arches, uprear'd columns,
Of cannon brass, convolv'd in volumes,
Memorials sad of rapine, plunder,
Of scenes which fill'd the world with wonder,
And rent all bonds of peace asunder.

The river has no water in it,
You cross the bridges in a minute,
The water's turn'd into the streets,
And puddles ev'ry where one meets;
The narrow streets so badly pav'd,
Are by these little puddles lav'd,
The trottoirs often made me laugh,
You can't walk with your better half;
One on the pavement, stand, or fall,
The weakest always takes the wall.
The Boulevards are good arteries,
But sadly are in want of trees;
The scrubs one sees at best, or worst,
Are nothing more than brooms revers'd,
But tho' you feel the want of shade,
The pavement is not badly made,
And diff'rent from Parisian street,
Their width is certainly a treat.
Elysian fields, and gardens show,
That trees in France don't like to grow;

No wood, or park to me was shown,
Except the shabby Bois Boulogne.
The palace, and the large hotel,
May suit their purpose mighty well,
The flat, or story, one may visit,
Has each a sep'rate party in it,
One staircase which is always dirty,
May serve as avenue for thirty ;
Domestic life is here unknown,
No one can call his house his own :
In restaurants, and coffee houses,
Live all Parisians, and their spouses,
A stranger finds them useful too,
And finds them too in ev'ry rue.
In Boulevards, and in Palais Royale,
Nor is it difficult to try all,
The glutton, and the sensualist,
May think our English fashions trist ;
French cooks can ev'ry meat disguise,
And cheat both palate, and the eyes.

French meat is mawkish, flabby, half fed,
Their animals are never half bred,
More wonder at their long invent'ries,
Their bills of fare of thousand entrées;
All know that 'tis in France you see,
The science of gastronomie,
In fripperies the French excel,
And all the trifles manage well.
In bon-bons, and in petiteses,
They also shine in ladies dresses,
No cathedral, church, or abbey,
That is not ugly, poor, and shabby.
I think St. Denis is the best,
Where all French royal bodies rest,
In solemn cells, and solemn glooms,
We found a history of tombs:
I went to Jean Jacques Rousseau's fancy,
The hermitage, at Montmorency,
Saw stunted trees in some profusion,
Bad streets, worse houses, in confusion;

Not uniform, and what is worse,
No comfort there for man or horse,
A stragg'ling, not a rural village,
Strew'd o'er a hill devoid of tillage.
The beauties other folks discern,
The praises sung by Mrs. Byrne,
Describ'd what I have yet to learn;
All imperceptible to me,
Her paradise I could not see.
O! Hampstead, Highgate, Richmond too,
How far beyond compare are you,
Greenwich, Dulwich, Blackheath, Croydon,
Norwood hills, so form'd to ride on,
The splendid views each hill embraces,
Of all the intermediate places;
The tortuous Thames so studded o'er,
With merchant ships from ev'ry shore,
A proof of wealth, wherein one sees
Ships, commerce, and rich colonies.
Pass'd the suburbs in our way,
Wretched houses, mud, and clay,

Filth, and puddle, noisome stench,
Ditches, bastions, forts, and trenches ;
Walls, and buttresses extending,
The great French capital defending,
Fortified with strong redoubt,
Forts, and fortresses about,
Encircled town with lines immense,
Self sacrificed to self defence.
Thiers must be a silly spoony,
To waste his brains, and waste their money,
Circumvallated, ruin'd city,
Thou'rt ever in captivity ;
A righteous judgment for thy crimes,
At present, and in by-gone times.
Thou antidote to purity,
Thou hot-bed of iniquity,
Religion thou hast none ;
Where innocence cannot reside,
Where modesty must turn aside,
In vice thou stand'st alone.

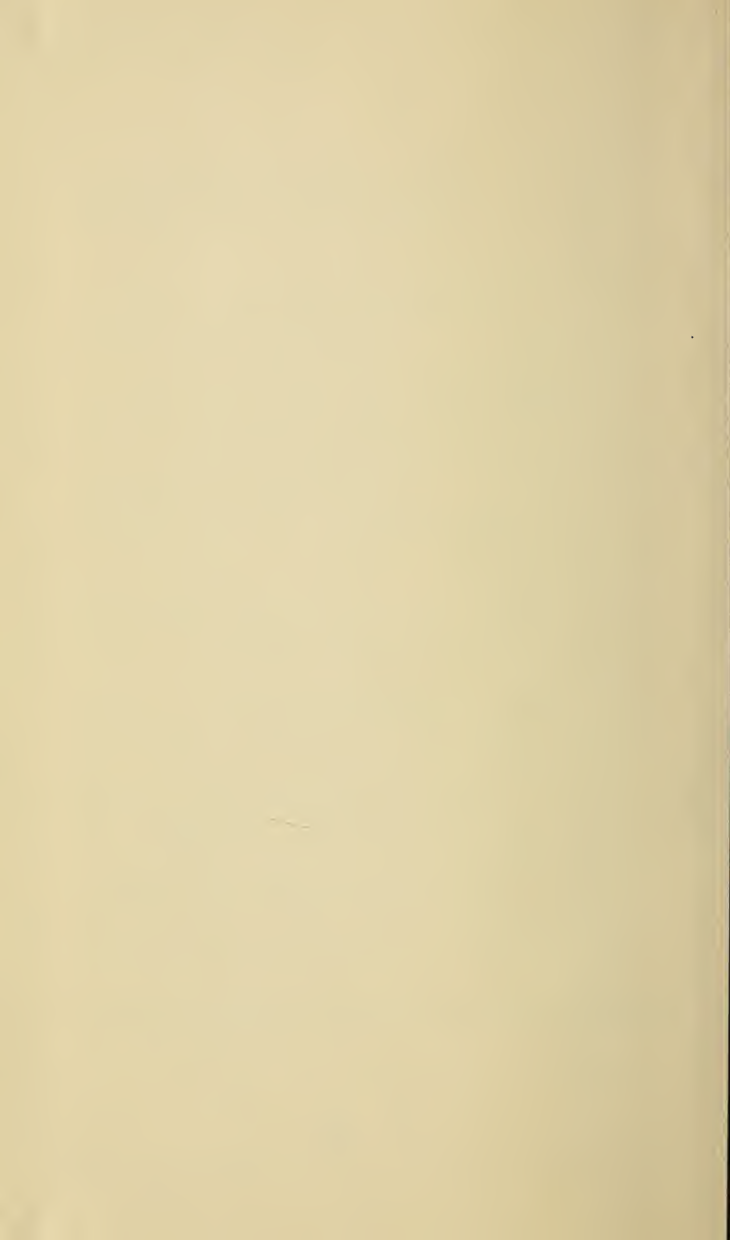
I am not much surpris'd to find,
France a whole century behind.

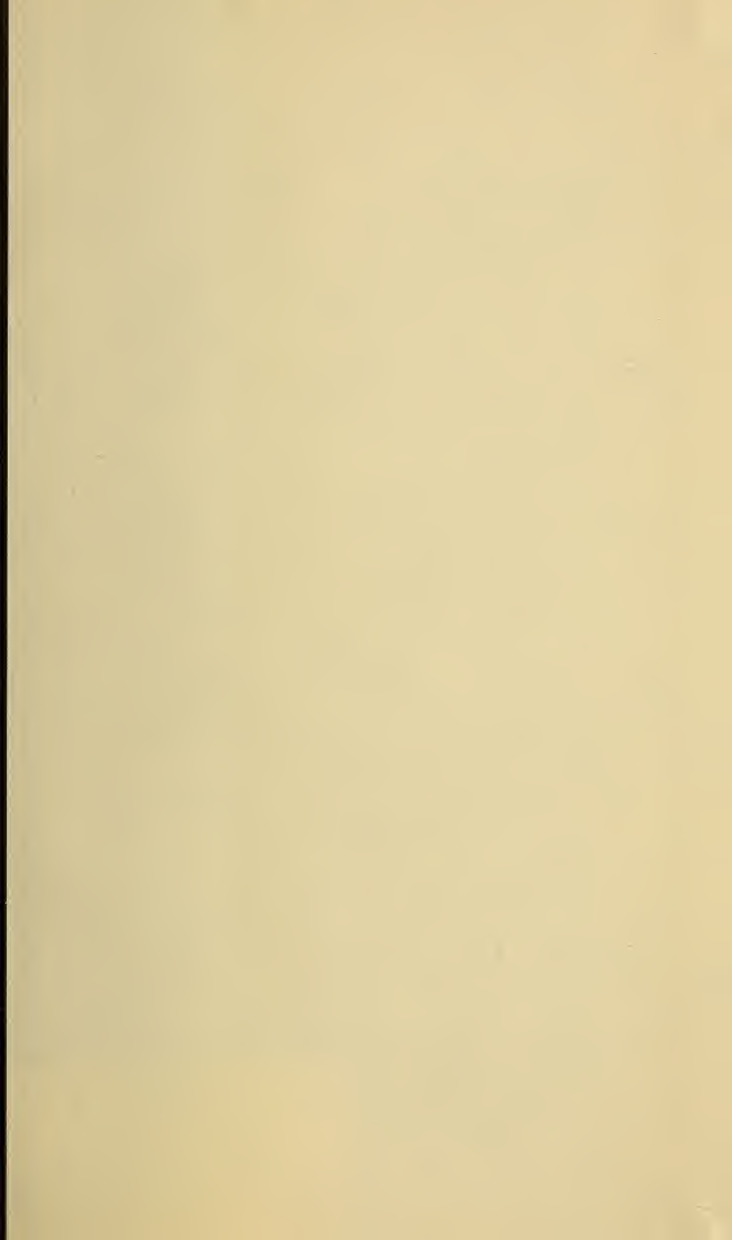
And now that I have said my say,
I don't rejoice to go away,
For when one meets with friends sincere,
Five days like hours short appear,
Vice and evil good disclose,
The hideous seems couleur de rose.

On Friday I arrive at Rouen,
Look at cathedral, and St. Owen,
Then in a dirty voiture post,
With man, and baggage to the coast,
Steam out of Dieppe in the night,
Reach Brighton safe by morning light,
Swiftly from Brighton by the train,
Resume official cares again.

FOR POSTSCRIPT AND FINIS SEE SECOND EDITION.







Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: May 2009

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